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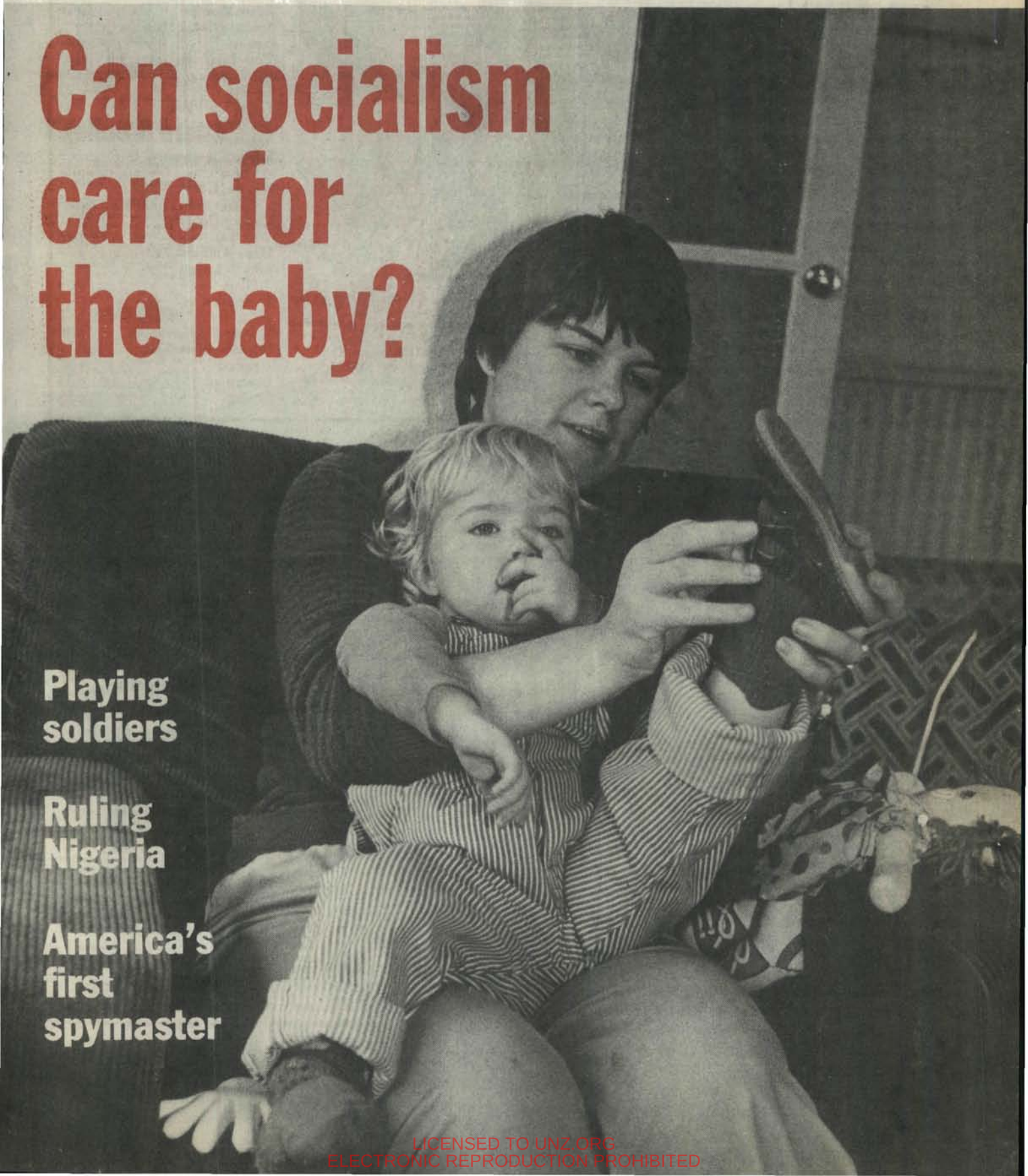
New Statesman

Can socialism care for the baby?



Playing soldiers

Ruling Nigeria

America's first spymaster

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New Statesman

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If the Transport Bill becomes law, London Transport fares will go up, services will be cut, and free travel for the elderly will be at risk.

The measure is approaching Committee stage, but the Government is likely to repeat its previous tactics and guillotine the Bill – so curtailing discussion and avoiding proper public debate.

Act now. Show MPs that Londoners care about their transport services and object to the ill-conceived Transport Bill being forced upon them.

Join a mass lobby of Parliament on Tuesday, 17 January from 2.30pm onwards.

Come to the House of Commons and ask to see your MP.

Speakers in the Grand Committee Room throughout the afternoon include:
John Prescott; Jack Jones; Jo Richardson; Dave Wetzel; Bill Morris; Valerie Wise and Ken Livingstone.

For further information phone 633 4400.

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New Statesman Vol 107 No 2756 13 January 1984

Secrecy sickness

"WE INTEND to be as helpful as we possibly can', said the editor of the *Guardian* on Tuesday after Sarah Tisdall was remanded until next month after being charged under Section 2 of the Official Secrets Act. If she is found guilty as charged, the help she will be needing is a job. The whole saga of the leak of Mr Heseltine's October memorandum to the Prime Minister about cruise missiles has demonstrated once again the farcical state of 'official secrets' in this country. With regret one also has to say that in this key test of whether a newspaper should protect the identification of an informant the *Guardian* has not been very brave.

Section 10 of the 1981 Contempt of Court Act was supposed to define the previously grey area in which courts balanced the conscientious objections of priests, doctors, journalists and others to breaching confidences against contrary claims about the public interest. It says that courts can no longer order anyone to disclose the source of published information, unless such disclosure is necessary in the interests of justice, or national security, or for the prevention of disorder or crime.

The unseemly haste with which the Court of Appeal last month dismissed the *Guardian's* appeal against an order made the previous day that it must hand back its document has created legal chaos. The judge who made the order said that the document must be returned not on grounds of national security, but because it belonged to Mr Heseltine. Section 10 was not relevant, he said, because it was only concerned with protecting the *source* of information and the *Guardian* did not know who the source was. The three Appeal Court judges all produced quite different reasons why the document ought to have been handed back, but at least thought that Section 10 was relevant. Their main argument, though, was that finding the identity of the highly placed man in Whitehall who leaked the document (they all assumed it was a man) 'was of the gravest importance to the continued maintenance of national security'. By insisting that the document be handed over at once, even before the *Guardian* could appeal to the House of Lords (with the resulting prosecution of Sarah Tisdall), the Court of Appeal in effect prevented any proper trial of how the section 10 was intended to work. The notion of Sarah Tisdall, 23, as a grave threat to national security is so ludicrous that one hopes the Appeal Court judges are ashamed of the pompous rubbish they came out with last December. But if it is now open to the government to argue that the source of any leak must be traced in the interests of national security, then Section 10 might as well not be on the statute book.

Once it got to the Court of Appeal, the *Guardian* had little option but to comply with the order. Its mistake was to enter into correspondence with the government in the first place about whether it would return the document with the distinctive identifying marks defaced, in the course of which it gave undertakings to do nothing pending the court's decision. It should simply have defaced or shredded the document at once and taken the consequences. Good journalism consists of a perpetual state of war with authority. Official secrecy is a disease in this country. Until reforms – such as those being demanded by the newly launched 1984 Campaign for Freedom of Information – change the whole framework of official secrets in this country, the only way in which much information of vital concern of us all gets out is by way of leak.

Helping this process is the main function of a serious press faced with administrators obsessed with secrecy for its own sake as well as to prevent their decisions being questioned.

Identity cards by stealth

THE DHSS pretended injured innocence this week in the face of criticism of the government's new 'machine readable' national insurance cards. 'The suggestion that there is some sinister police state intention behind this is utterly absurd', said junior minister, Antony Newton. Mr Newton, it seems, has not read a 1978 report by a Home Office committee on data protection, chaired by Sir Norman Lindop.

The Lindop committee considered the arguments in favour of giving everyone in the country a 'universal personal identifier' number, or UPI. It would be administratively much simpler than maintaining dozens of data systems with dozens of identifiers – and much cheaper. But, because with computer based systems it would then be simple to collate any information held on any computer about anyone, the introduction of a UPI system 'would also present a considerable threat to the privacy, and perhaps the freedom, of the private citizen'.

Lindop gave several warnings. The most likely UPI to be used in this country would be the national insurance number. (As the *NS* revealed in March 1982, MI5 is already using this as its 'identifier'.) It warned in particular against the 'risk of drifting towards a UPI', without its consequences being examined and debated. In general, it called for an independent Data Protection Authority. In particular it argued that, if a UPI was ever seriously contemplated, an independent committee should first consider its implications, particularly for privacy, and make recommendations.

What Lindop feared is now taking place. The national insurance number is being turned into a UPI by stealth. The Data Protection Bill now before Parliament is woefully inadequate. Instead of an independent authority, we are expected to have faith in the Home Office to look after individuals' rights. Until the whole subject has been openly and honestly discussed and proper safeguards instituted, those to whom the new cards are issued (school leavers and immigrants in the first place) should simply refuse to use them. All the information that the DHSS itself needs to know is your national insurance number – and that does not require a computer-readable plastic card.

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Edinburgh dump reveals gossip on police records

THE DISCOVERY last week of a cardboard box containing police intelligence records on an Edinburgh rubbish dump demonstrates how easy it is to end up on police files.

The intelligence reports – headed 'Criminal Intelligence Information, 'C' Division' – are dated between June and September last year. One item for 3 August refers to a woman stopped and searched, allegedly for drugs. The search proved negative but, the report concluded, 'She was also (sic) in possession of a list of phone numbers which relate to the following . . .' The names and addresses of five individuals are then detailed. No reason is given for their inclusion nor is there any reference to previous criminal convictions or police interest.

The documents give an insight into daily work practice and attitudes. Individuals are described as 'druggies', 'homosexual types' or 'those so inclined' and the names of people living at the same address are recorded. Details are given of the movements of the friends and families of convicted criminals and their 'associates', including for example a description and registration number of a new car belonging to Dr Sarah Boyle, the psychiatrist and wife of parolee Jimmy Boyle.

Amongst numerous references to persons being 'checked out as negative' is an entry for 1 July referring to two 16-year-old boys stopped in a main shopping area. 'Both are on summer leave from Wellington Farm' – a list 'D' (approved) school – 'and have been seen on numerous occasions in the town section'. It is recommended that 'they should be checked out at every possible occasion.' Information and names from 'prostitutes' and other undisclosed sources are also included.

Co-incidentally the find comes at a time when Lothian and Borders police are transferring intelligence data to the new 'Crime Information Computer'. It is known that the present manual intelligence system at police headquarters in Edinburgh holds information on over 80,000 persons (1 in 10 of the local population). As many as two thirds of these are said to have no criminal convictions. Additional intelligence is also held at divisional and subdivisional stations, one of which would appear to be the source of the document found on the tip.

Lothian and Borders Police have pioneered criminal intelligence collection. In addition to the new computer – purchase cost £1.35 million – and described as the most powerful local crime information computer in Britain – specialist squads of plain clothes 'Crime Patrols' have been introduced. Their specific task is the collection of low grade intelligence on the local population. As many as 40 officers from the four city divisions are on full-time secondment from beat work for this purpose.

Crime patrol officers describe their favoured intelligence sources as shop-keepers, publicans, taxi-drivers and betting shop managers. There are other sources, however. It emerges from the reports that the Cross Winds Community Centre is frequented regularly by plain clothes officers for surveillance purposes.

Mr Stanley Pringle, the Deputy Chief Constable, this week described the documents as 'bread and butter stuff' and added there was 'nothing sinister' about them. An internal police investigation is being conducted by Detective Superintendent Charlie Boulton.

Richard Kinsey

Back-pack nuclear bomb for travelling terrorists

Have nuke, will travel

AMERICAN scientists and researchers have put together a unique catalogue which reveals, for the first time, the contents of the nuclear arsenals owned by the United States and its allies around the world. The first volume of a projected eight volume *Nuclear Weapons Databook* series will be published by the US Natural Resources Defense Council at the end of this week. The authors have assembled a unique collection of photographs illustrating the appearance of most current bombs and nuclear warheads. They range from heavyweight hydrogen bombs to a tiny 'backpack bomb' – an atom bomb small enough to be carried and used by one soldier.

Since August 1945, when American bombs destroyed Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the United States has designed and manufactured over 80 different types of hydrogen and atom bomb. All of Britain's nuclear weapons are either obtained from the United States, or are manufactured or assembled in Aldermaston, Burghfield and Cardiff from copies or modifications of US bombs.

The most powerful American bomb still in use is design number 53. This is the B53 hydrogen bomb – 12 feet long and over four feet in diameter. It has a power of 9 Megatons – more than 600 times as powerful as the weapons used in the Second World War.

US bases in Britain are believed to store three different kinds of bomb, the largest of which is a 1 Megaton hydrogen 'B43' bomb for use by F-111 bombers, based at Lakenheath and Upper Heyford. These aircraft, and British Tornados, may also use a 'dial-a-yield' atom bomb, the B61, which can be adjusted to provide an explosion ranging from 1 to about 20 times the power of the Hiroshima bomb. Cruise missiles at Greenham Common use a warhead based on a high-yield modification of the B61 bomb.

The mini-bomb is the W54 'Special Atomic Demolition Munition'. Although its exact dimensions are still secret, this tiny bomb is no larger than an office typewriter, yet can release the explosive power of at least 250 tons of TNT. It weighs about 50 lb, and is designed for use either as an atomic land mine, or as a sabotage weapon for use behind enemy lines by guerillas and SAS-type forces. One such mini-atom bomb left in Whitehall would demolish more than enough to satisfy any anarchist's wildest dreams.

Duncan Campbell

Nuclear Weapons Databook, Volume 1, US nuclear forces and capabilities, *by Thomas Cochran, William Arkin and Milton Hoenig; Ballinger Publishing Co, USA.*

Silence of dead men's unions

IT APPEARS unlikely that the families of two Scunthorpe steelworkers killed at the town's BSC works on New Year's Day will receive anything like adequate compensation, thanks to apparent indifference on the part of management and unions alike as to what caused the accident.

Edward Peace and Richard Simpson died in a reserve water tank 160 feet above ground level at BSC's Concast plant. According to the evidence so far elicited, first Peace and then Simpson collapsed immediately they entered the tank after a workmate became dizzy in it and dropped his torch. The theory put forward by BSC is that the atmosphere in the tank, about the same size as a largish living room, contained too much nitrogen, and the men died through oxygen starvation.

It is a theory that the unions will now have much difficulty in disputing, since they failed to turn up at the opening of the inquest last Thursday, 5 January when the Scunthorpe coroner gave authority for disposal of the bodies. He had considered retaining certain organs for further tests, 'but I am advised that no useful purpose would be served by holding up the funerals of the men. Representatives of the unions (the EETPU and ISTC) have been contacted and wish to make no representations to the contrary'.

Several representations should have been made. Nitrogen is in common use at the works in various cleaning processes and as a purifying blanket for water tanks etc. As a

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result, steelworkers often suffer from oxygen starvation caused by an excess of nitrogen in the air. However, they do not collapse immediately, as happened in this case; they get early warning symptoms of racing heart beat and giddiness and are able to reach safety.

It became clear by Tuesday 3 January that the ISTC at least had accepted management assurances that poison gases were not involved in the accident. The ISTC chief in the Concast section, Brian Vessey, described claims to the contrary in that morning's *Daily Telegraph* as 'nonsense'.

This appears to be at variance with the experience of a fireman involved in the rescue who also collapsed *outside* the tank where there was no oxygen shortage.

All the evidence is that Pearce and Simpson slumped into unconsciousness immediately they entered the tank. Two more men who followed them down also collapsed immediately but did recover three days later. This series of collapses is an unlikely result of temporary oxygen starvation. Rather it suggests the presence of some other gas in the air. Coroner Mr Eric Kemp described the accident as 'something of an enigma'. But the chances of anyone now being able to investigate further are remote.

BSC's line is that the men should not have been in the tank, even though Mr Peace was the water treatment engineer responsible for its operation. If the men were at fault, BSC is not liable for compensation. The inquest has been adjourned until 2 February when both unions will be represented.

John Hatton

Subsidies for status

COMPANY cars are costing the British taxpayer up to £2,000 million a year, according to a report by consultants Transport and Environment Studies which was published this week.

This massive hand-out which principally benefits well-off management and businessmen (sic) is over twice the size of the entire subsidy to British Rail. Men are three times as likely to have company cars as women, and one third of the cars are found in the south east of England.

The report estimates that nearly 70 per cent of new cars are bought by companies. These new cars are fairly quickly sold to private buyers; about 15 per cent of all cars on the road at any one time are being supported by companies.

Both companies and employees benefit from the tax relief. On a medium size car costing £14,000, tax is payable on only £425. In addition the company can claim up to £2,000 for the car against corporation tax.

The report concludes that 'the majority of company cars are used primarily for purposes other than business travel'. A further complication is that even on genuine business trips companies pay for petrol on such rates that about 40 per cent of the 'mileage costs' are in fact untaxed income.

The result is that Britain has more company cars, in proportion to the total number of cars, than almost any other country in Europe. And even in countries which do have substantial numbers of company cars they are more strictly limited to business use. Company cars are heavily used. The report quotes a Greater London Council survey in 1982 which found that eight out of ten cars entering central London were company subsidised. (In France employers have to subsidise public transport instead, from a payroll tax.)

The style of the company car – which inevitably dominates the second hand market – also militates against energy saving designs. 'The composition of the UK car stock and the availability of second-hand cars are predominately determined by the corporate needs of image' says the report.

The report recommends that the taxation on company cars be more than doubled so that the £14,000 cars would be taxed at a rate of £1,000, instead of just £425. This change would be phased in over the next four years.

Mick Hamer

Company cars, interim report by Transport and Environment Studies. Available from 177 Arlington Road London NW1 or London Amenity and Transport Association, 133 Graham Street London N1. Price £2.00

Protesting prisoners charged again

THREE prisoners involved in the protests at Wormwood Scrubs prison in June and in subsequent High Court action on the right to legal representation in internal disciplinary hearings, have been recharged with offences arising out of the original protest seven months ago. All three – Tommy Tangney, Chris Clarke and Jimmy Anderson – had their original charges either quashed or withdrawn as a result of the High Court ruling on 8 November. This, for the first time, declared that prisoners could have legal representation in prison internal hearings. Now, two months after the ruling, they face renewed charges.

Tommy Tangney has seven charges ranging from disobeying a lawful order to assaulting a prison officer for his solo protest on 24 June last year; Chris Clarke has six charges including two against 'good order and discipline' and one of attempted assault; Jimmy Anderson also has six charges including three against 'good order and discipline' and one of assault. All three are believed to be requesting legal representation, which, it is believed, they will be granted. If so, they will be the first ever serving prisoners in Britain to be represented in internal hearings.

Jimmy Anderson, despite the previous High Court ruling quashing his then part-heard adjudication, has been held in solitary confinement ever since 16 June 1983.

Yet another High Court action, this time involving ex-Albany prisoner Paul Norney, is in the pipeline. Norney has been granted leave for a judicial review to quash his conviction for mutiny following the Albany protest in May. Although the Home Office has technically quashed the punishment, the charge, apparently, remains on his record. Norney is also seeking leave for judicial review on his conditions of confinement in a strip cell in Durham. Norney, like a number of other ex-Albany prisoners, has been in continuous solitary confinement since 20 May 1983.

Terry O'Halloran

MISCELLANY

Lazy beggars

We proudly present our annual Marie Antoinette award to Ed Meese, special adviser to President Reagan, for his remark last month that some Americans only stood in line for the soup kitchens because they couldn't be bothered to cook at home. He also walks off with the prize for injured innocence for

claiming that both he and Scrooge (to whom he had inevitably been likened) have been misunderstood and misrepresented by the press.

English lesson

On BBC Radio 4's *Sports Report* last Saturday, the correspondent at the Luton v Watford match concluded his summary of the game by remarking: 'The goals were scored by three blacks and a Scot, but it was the sort of cup tie that could only have taken place in England.' The inference that black players are not English would have come as a particular surprise to two of these three, Watford's John Barnes and Luton's Brian Stein, who have actually been selected to play for England on several occasions.

Indirect debit

Beware of Germans (or anyone else foreign) bearing cheques made out in Sterling. You might think that not having to exchange currencies would make it easier to pop the cheque into your local politically better bank to be with (the Co-op). You would be wrong. Last month Co-op managers maintained straight faces as they assured Miscellany's correspondent that a cheque recently sent from Germany for £8.30 *in Sterling* was only worth £3.80. The Co-op doesn't have branches abroad and this apparently means that no fewer than four different banks get into the act, paying each other back and forth. This, they acknowledge, has a striking slimming effect on the sums involved.

Ridley sees red

Our new transport secretary Nicholas Ridley is a notoriously slow learner. We have already noted (*NS* 21 October 1983) that three days after taking office he had still learnt only the first line of his ministerial brief. One of the Department of Transport scientists' prouder achievements in recent years has been the computer linking of traffic lights, speeding traffic in our major cities such as Leeds and London. So imagine these officials' reactions when Ridley tells them that the first thing he's going to do when the GLC is abolished is to take out half the traffic lights in London – because they hold up traffic. Presumably he means the red half.

Proprietor proposes . . .

Frank Giles is 'editor emeritus' of the *Sunday Times*, but that doesn't entitle him to preferential treatment. Some time ago interviewed the Greek Prime Minister, Andreas Papandreous, for the *Sunday Times*: but room for Giles's 1,700 words of honed prose could not be found. So the helpful editor of the *Sunday Times*, Andrew 'Two Chauffeurs' Neil, suggested that he put it in *The Times* instead, which he did. Which adds pungency to one of Rupert Murdoch's better jokes. When Frank Giles was appointed editor emeritus, he asked Murdoch what it meant. 'The "e" is from the Latin meaning you're out, and the "meritus" means you deserve it,' replied the Aussie charmer.

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How Bury's bin workers fought off the privateers

Consigning privatisation to the dustbin of history in Bury

NINE MONTHS ago the bin men of Bury successfully fought off Tory plans to privatise their work. This week a report* is published detailing how they did it.

From the start they refused to fall into the trap of putting in their own tender for the work. Bury Council first announced it would hand refuse collection to a profit-making firm in August 1981. Scenting opportunities, Pritchard Industrial Services offered to tender for a wide range of other services as well. This indicated that all council jobs were under threat.

NALGO then decided to boycott anything to do with privatisation. The crucial next step was that the other unions promised to take action if any NALGO members were disciplined for this. The campaign had begun with a mass meeting of manual and white-collar unions. Arthur Smith, the ex-convener from Southend Council, came to Bury to describe his union's defeat: resistance crumbled because of the desire of the members for redundancy cash, and there was little co-operation between unions.

Members of the largest unions involved – NUPE, the T&G, the GMBATU, the AUEW and NALGO formed a joint trade union committee and NALGO quickly started producing anti-privatisation newsletters which the bin men delivered to all 60,000 Bury households, getting a good public response.

By the autumn of 1982, management and unions had thrashed out a compromise plan using bigger wheeled bins. Unfortunately, that meant that half the workforce of 127 bin men would lose their jobs, but this would happen over four years through natural wastage, earlier retirement and voluntary redundancies. But compared with the Council's plan of making everyone compulsorily redundant and re-hiring favoured workers in a non-union set up, the 'wheelie' plan was progress.

When the Council did finally give in over privatisation, it was able to appear not to lose too much face by adopting it. (Was it for this that Council Leader Albert Little was awarded the OBE?)

After the agreement the unions waited confidently for the Council's Public Services Committee to endorse it. But the Council decided to go ahead and call for tenders! A one-day strike followed, with a very large proportion of the membership coming out and members picketting council depots for ten hours in the pouring rain. Afterwards the unions continued to publicise their campaign, producing leaflets and badges, gathering thousands of signatures on petitions, and driving round Bury in a van with loudspeakers urging public support.

In the meantime an indefinite strike and even an occupation of the depots were planned. But none of these more drastic plans was put into action: in April the Council gave in, and adopted the 'Wheelie' plan.

The Bury shop stewards have not been afraid to include criticism of their own campaign in the Report – such as the failure of the campaign to draw more people into the work which was done by only a small group of members.

Caroline Grist

**Report available from: Ian Stephenson, c/o NALGO Office, Town Hall, Bury, Greater Manchester. £1.15 including postage.*

Private hospital built on telepathy

THE commercial health firm, Third Independent, was in the midst of another row this week over its plans to build a private hospital in East London.

For the company say they bought their desired site in Redbridge in late October – six weeks before it was officially announced that they had been given planning permission. The contract was even signed about three weeks *before* the Department of the Environment Inspector deciding the scheme made his formal examination of the site. Had planning permission been turned down by Patrick Jenkin, Environment Minister, the 13 acre vacant site in Roding Lane South would have been worthless.

The Planning Committee of Conservative-controlled Redbridge Council had already turned down their application and appeal because the land lies in the Green Belt.

It was Patrick Jenkin, MP for neighbouring Wanstead and Woodford, who was responsible for the Department of the Environment granting planning permission, although Mr Jenkin stresses the actual decision was made by an inspector. It is also Mr Jenkin who is at the centre of controversy over his plans to relax Green Belt building restrictions. Two years ago, while Health Minister, he personally wrote to Third Independent expressing support for their private hospital and wishing the company success.

Third Independent last week denied that they were tipped off by the DoE about the result of their application, a denial repeated by Patrick Jenkin.

The result leaves Redbridge worse off: in an attempt to get council planning permission Third Independent had offered to allocate eight acres of the site to the council as open space, with £10,000 cash for landscaping. Although Third Independent still has to provide landscaping, they will retain ownership of the whole of the land.

Peter Lang

Oxford closes gates again

A FRESH ROW has broken out among Oxford dons over planned reforms to the University admissions procedure. Last November, the colleges decided by a large majority to abolish the special written entrance examination. The exam is usually taken after 'A' levels, for which only public schools make special provision.

A new system of pre-'A' level examination or post-'A' level interview and report is due to apply to students entering Oxford University in 1986. But a last-minute amendment has been made allowing both colleges and faculties to establish special written tests for those candidates who apply through the 'non-examination mode' of entry. The amendment has been embodied in the report of the Dover committee, a committee set up under Sir Kenneth Dover of Corpus Christi college especially to look at the complex examination procedure. A second amendment requires colleges to state which mode of entry they prefer.

Both amendments have been criticised, the first because, in the words of Dr Tanner, admissions tutor at Hertford College, 'it plainly sets up another entrance exam' and will create 'complete chaos' with a multitude of exams. Mrs Ruth Deech, admissions Tutor of St Anne's college said that the second amendment requiring colleges to state which form of entry they prefer, will deprive students of freedom of choice.

David Leppard and Michael Dynes

Rural passengers lose bus subsidy

THE largely-Tory-controlled rural counties are depriving their bus passengers of over £10 million in subsidy, according to last week's issue of the trade paper *Motor Transport*.

The 39 English 'shire' counties told the government that they wanted to spend £103 million in 1983/4 on subsidising their buses. The government told the shires that they could only spend £90 million, and gave them their transport supplementary grant accordingly. However, the Chartered Institute of Public Finance and Accountancy's provisional estimates of spending show that the non-metropolitan counties are only going to spend £81 million. This £9 million gap understates the amount by which some shires are cheating their bus passengers, because a few counties spend more on bus subsidies than the government wants them to. The government told Cleveland, which is Labour-controlled, that it should spend only £3.4 million on bus subsidy. The county actually expects to spend £7.2 million.

The position is complicated because some counties help district councils to subsidise municipal bus services. But the 14 counties which have no municipal operators spent £6 million less on bus subsidies than the government said that they could. And Norfolk which was told by the government that it could spend just over £1 million in bus subsidy is actually only going to spend £900,000. Humberside claimed it was going to spend £2.8m (qualifying it for a £300,000 grant) but will spend only £1.5m.

However these shire counties do not have the same problem in managing their road maintenance budget. The government told the shires that they could spend £530 million on maintaining their roads. Their spending is expected to be within one per cent of that target.

Mick Hamer

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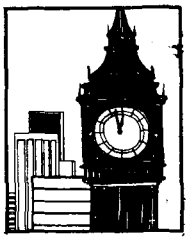

PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

Going local: do we really mean it?

I DO NOT WANT to spoil the party, or for that matter the Party, but before Labour's strategy for fighting the government on rates is finally set in municipal aspic, some questions need asking.

This spring many of us will pay rate increases of 10 to 20 per cent – some will pay even more – when inflation is running at 5 per cent. Most of the larger rate increases will occur in Labour-controlled areas. By next spring the Rate Bill will be in force. Even if its more draconian rate-capping powers are trimmed back to appease Tory backbenchers and peers, it is certain to have enough gunpowder in its barrel to fire at the highest 'overspenders'.

Two issues will then arise. The first is what is somewhat grandly called the constitutional issue: the abolition of the freedom of local government to raise and spend money according to the wishes of its electors rather than the dictation of Whitehall. This is a serious matter and a number of politicians and constitutional academics may well lose sleep over it. Unfortunately, the cause of local autonomy is not one likely to arouse great popular emotion.

The second issue, however, is. The government will say that its new law means lower rate rises. And it will be right. Rate-capping will be only part of the story. The reason why some councils' rates will rise so much this spring is that the government is increasing the penalties on 'overspenders'. In my own borough, Haringey, for example, a 'no-change' budget in real terms would involve a 5 per cent increase in cash terms to match inflation. But because of the penalty system this would require a 44 per cent increase in rates; one quarter of the increase would be to meet the higher costs of Haringey's services, while three-quarters would be needed to offset the extra government penalties. The likeliest outcome – a 10-15 per cent rate rise and some cuts in services – would still invoke some government penalties.

Next year this whole system will be thrown into reverse. By the very act of sticking to rate-capping limits, councils like Haringey will get substantially more money from the government. At a rough guess, a number of currently Labour councils will be able to cut rates by around 15 per cent while cutting services by 5 per cent. The prospect of a massive public revolt against the government over rate-capping may be alluring, but it must be far – very far – from certain.

Now you know, and I know, that what is happening is a cynical exercise by the government to tar caring Labour councils. But out there, in the real world where electors live – where their attachment to local democracy is such that two-thirds of them do not vote at all in council elections – it is very different.

Neil Kinnock is fond of telling a story from his younger days as a Labour activist in Bedwellty. At one meeting of the local party a delegate argues passionately that the Labour Party should commit itself to immediate abolition of the monarchy. He explains why: the monarchy is costly, it symbolises everything Labour opposes, and it helps to prop up Britain's feudal-capitalist system. After this powerful exegesis, one of the older members speaks up. 'Dai, that's a strong argument. You have convinced me. Tell you what: outside there's a queue of people waiting for a bus. You go out there and convince *them*'.

IF LABOUR is to convince 'them' about rate-capping, just about the worst way to do it would be to bang on about the principle of local autonomy. The tactical objection to this strategy is that we are likely to end up with the reputation for defending high rates. There is, though, a more basic reason for supping with autonomy-freaks with a long spoon.

Most local authority spending is devoted to the provision of essentially national services. The biggest of these – consuming more than 40 per cent of local budgets – is education. At the margin there are local decisions to be made about schools; but all the main strategic decisions about types of school, the examination system, teachers' pay, and so on, are national decisions. As socialists we properly require, when we have the chance, Tory local councils to implement national strategy (remember the battle to get Tameside to go comprehensive in the mid-1970s?). Nor is this just a matter of bashing Tory councils that step out of line. One of Labour's most cherished ambitions is to ensure that a child born in, say, a run-down part of Glasgow has the same access to public services as one born in Guildford. If, to protect local autonomy, we let Glasgow and Guildford set substantially different social priorities, that ambition cannot be fulfilled.

There is a better way to attack the Tories: not to argue that local government's powers should be sacrosanct, but that this government's particular policies are pernicious. When it should be concentrating resources in the inner cities, it is diverting them to the shires; when it should be encouraging the best possible provision of public services, it is penalising them; when it should be protecting the poor, it is rewarding the rich. Depriving local councils of their rights is not the chief objective of government policy, but one vehicle for reaching its other, nastier destinations.

Focussing on the right target is half of Labour's problem. The other half is to develop a more coherent view of what powers should be decentralised and what should not. It is not just a matter of local councils: it applies to commercial activities, too. Consider the growing debate inside the Labour Party about decentralisation. Peter Hain put the decentralisers' case as articulately as any in his recent book *The Democratic Alternative* (Penguin, £2.50):

> It is important to extend public ownership in a way that breaks with the old and discredited model of nationalisation. New and existing public enterprises . . . should be decentralised as much as possible and made more accountable to Parliament and the local community . . . Furthermore, co-operatives should be developed not as a side-issue but as a major priority.

It sounds attractive: down with the bureaucrats, up with workers' control. But is it compatible with the socialist objective of equality? If one workers' co-operative proves to be phenomenally successful, and another loses money hand over fist, what do we do about it – let nature and the receivers take their course, or intervene to balance the fortunes of the two enterprises? And if we are to intervene, who, apart from those wicked old bureaucrats, could do it? An important new Fabian pamphlet, *Equality, Markets and The State*, by Raymond Plant tackles this kind of tricky problem, and comes to an uncomfortable conclusion.

> The basic problem with decentralised forms of socialism is that while it may be true that *within* relatively autonomous decentralised economic units . . . there may well be a high degree of equality of income and status . . . this does not address the question of relations *between* such co-operatives and the extent of possible inequalities between them . . . If decentralisation is seen as a way of avoiding the problems which the state encounters in economic and political management in a socialist society then it is an illusion.

The problem of how economic power should be shared between the state and decentralised co-operatives parallels the problem of how political power should be divided between Parliament and local councils. Whatever enthusiasm we generate for slagging off the Rate Bill, it would be well to keep that awkward truth in mind. □

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Sharing the caring

As the government intensifies its attack on local council independence, Sheila Rowbotham argues that the councils are crucial for linking feminism with socialism

ALMOST 70 years ago the *New York Times* interviewed feminist Henrietta Rodman on her campaign to turn the maintenance of the home over to collective work. 'At the present time,' she said, 'the care of the baby is the weak point in feminism. The care of children, particularly those under four or five years of age, is the point at which feminism is most open to attack.'

Today, the re-emergence of a women's movement has not been able to come up with a neat solution. But the issue of how children can be well cared for and women develop a wide range of skills and abilities has been a more central concern for feminists this time around. For the extraordinary shift in the organisation of work means women now make up over 40 per cent of the labour force. Many of them have children and in certain groups, such as Afro-Caribbean women, and in certain areas, like London, the proportion of working mothers is higher than that.

Women have been absorbed by the labour market much faster than patterns of home and social life have changed. Yet in reality housework and, especially, child care decide what kind of jobs women can do; they help to keep women in low-paid jobs where skills are not recognised and where part-time hours can mean loss of benefits. Meanwhile, the conditions of paid work, with their absurd accompaniment of long overtime and unemployment, all take their toll on relationships at home.

When women's liberation groups first appeared in the late 1960s they put the emphasis on dividing housework and child care more equally between men and women. Feminists began to assert a direct power in their own domestic lives. Among a minority, living in groups, domestic labour and child care have also been shared between biological parents and those without children.

This effort to make personal and domestic living arrangements more free and equal did not, of course, occur in isolation. It was interwoven with the more customary political demands for State provision of nurseries. But instead of being glad for what they received, the new generation of community activists argued for direct power over the resources – users and workers together should control the nurseries. This was a challenge both to the State bureaucracy and the professional hierarchy of the nursery workers.

That impetus to make changes now in how we live has not completely exhausted itself. In a modified form some of these changes have a wider cultural resonance. But it is not surprising in these harder and tougher times that the appeal of heroic do-it-yourself has diminished. The limits of the conscious will are more evident when the scope of possibility narrows.

THERE HAVE always been certain barriers of culture and class put on changes in living arrangements, sexuality and the upbringing of children. These have not been simply a matter of money but also of time and social preoccupations. (Privilege can take several forms.)

So during the 1970s there was a shift in argument towards ground on which socialism has historically been stronger – the equal distribution of resources. But whereas Labour Party socialism has come to confine this to money benefits and welfare provision, the real circumstances of women's lives meant that socialist feminists opened out the argument for redistribution. How we spend our time, and arrange our work and home life, was raised as a crucial element in developing an alternative economic strategy. It was not just a private matter of lifestyle. If this distribution of time at home was a public inequality, then overcoming it must involve the resources controlled through the State, through benefits, taxation and services. This was despite the fear that the present State was shaped in the interests of powerful groups and classes and therefore not to be trusted.

As the threat to welfare and local community services increased from the mid 1970s, the need for links between grass roots projects and campaigns was recognised. Spasmodically, people began to realise that even this combination in protest was not enough. Power to shape the policies which determined the allocation of resources and the kind of community provision was also necessary. This led partly to the development of proposals from below, partly to a renewal and radicalisation of activity in local government.

Housing and child care were the main areas of domestic life which were looked at afresh. Other activities, like cooking, cleaning, washing, energy provision, still remained outside the terms of the discussion on how resources should be divided and used. These had all been important elements in earlier movements on the Left which had sought support from working class women. Women in the Labour Party and especially the Co-op Women's Guilds at the end of the First World War argued for co-operative kitchens, wash houses, communal electric power and central heating, Montessori nurseries and kindergarten schools for the under 5s.

Certain aspects of domestic life, like the nationalisation of gas and electricity, did change, though not as they had imagined, and the welfare state took on some aspects of child care. The second world war also completed the flight out of domestic service that had absorbed hundreds of thousands of working class girls on the lowest pay and most repressive conditions. It was their disappearance which encouraged middle class women to begin sharing the demand for the State to take on some aspects of domestic work, where private technology was not available. (Laundry work had first moved out of the home to public facilities, then back as washing machines became available; 81 per cent of UK households had one in 1982.) Private contractors are now taking over some cleaning and catering, as well as laundry work. Market considerations entered the household.

INFLUENCED by Marcuse, the early women's liberation movement, especially in the US, tended to have a moralistic disapproval of consumption. A common sense correction soon pointed out the limits of critical theorists who lacked experience in nappy washing – convenience foods and Snugglers have their uses. But discussion of what activities could be conveniently served by private technology and which could be usefully collectivised was not pursued.

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DIVISION OF LABOUR.

It is not the business of Ducal Footmen to Clean the Family Bicycles. The Ladies Ermyntrude and Adelgitha have to do it themselves.

Margaret Evans Picture Library

The divide between ideas of 'men's work' and 'women's work' can even be stronger than class

to collectivise resources and tasks is a dead end. There is little enough liberation in a State socialism which provides services on a Taylorised, or highly streamlined, model in order to use women in other jobs. But the struggle to extend choice and control is a basic democratic concern. It is surely evident to all but the most blinkered of humans that if a group of people who tend to be among the low paid are also labouring away cooking, washing, cleaning, caring – all vital activities we could not do without – resources should be made available in order to relieve the unequal burden of toil.

In the early 1980s, groups of women exasperated by repeating 'Stop the Cuts', set about developing ideas for new forms of child care. At the same time, a number of Labour councils were elected which were ready, to a greater or lesser degree, to work with groups previously excluded 'not only from power but from the Left's understanding of and approach to power'. In the words of Mike Ward who chairs the GLC's Industry and Employment Committee: 'Elected power is not an end in itself, but a resource, to be shared with other groups and movements, and used in alliance with them to achieve social change.'

Local government has become one of the arenas in which the contest between the centralising and inegalitarian policies of the government have met attempts to decentralise power and shift resources to people who have little and are overburdened with the struggle to survive. Leeds Council, for example, has trebled its child care provision in the last four years. The GLC has no power over State nurseries; but the Women's Committee has spent £1.6 million since last April on grants to voluntary child care organisations. In Spring 1983, in a joint review of policy, the GLC's Industry and Employment and Women's Committees said:

> The Council recognises the disguised social inequality in the present organisation of housework and child care . . .
> The Council acknowledges that domestic work is vital both for the needs of people and contributes to the economic life of society . . .
> The solutions to this require deep changes, in the division of work between the sexes, in how employment is organised, in welfare benefits and who controls the planning of our environment. Nonetheless the GLC has already made a vital link in accepting the responsibility for providing 'the necessary resources for women both in the home and in employment to contribute their ideas and needs to the planning process'. Without these resources democracy remains simply a good idea for many women. It is not a right which can be practised.

The Equal Opportunities Commission has pointed out that women often sacrifice time and wages to looking after adult dependants, and the GLC is also committed to assisting them to enjoy greater freedom.

Women in the East Leeds training project recognised that it was pointless to exhort women to learn new skills unless attention was paid to helping with responsibility for children. So they managed to get money from the EEC and from Leeds Council for a worker who would assist women who wanted to train find suitable childcare near their homes. A variation of this approach has been taken up by several Women's Employment Projects. In Cardiff, the South Glamorgan Women's Workshop will start part-time training for 50 women in computing and micro-electronics; it will have a free day nursery on the premises and a child care officer will help with school age children during school holidays. Funds came from the EEC and South Glamorgan County Council. In Haringey, London, the EEC and GLC are together funding a women's training course with a crèche.

Central government, however, has been extraordinarily twitchy about such linked projects. In September 1983, Peter Morrison from the Department of Employment wrote to the London boroughs which were funding crèches with their training schemes, saying no money must go to crèches. His argument was tortuous: As there was no child care provision for women in employment, there should be none for those in training! Was it not Conservatives who accused socialists of wanting to level all conditions down to the lowest common denominator?

Mr Morrison's concern to retain administrative divisions is presumably not mere owlishness. It is difficult not to conclude that he is acting to conserve the interests of

Registered childminders taking up some of the load

Maggie Murray/Format

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Richard and Sally Greenhill

A vital, rewarding and fulfilling job

disgruntled privilege in blocking women's access to resources which would contribute to the sharing of caring. Instead, child care must be bundled back to the DHSS who provide only for the fallen, with echoes of the condescension and punitiveness of the Poor Law.

TO ADMIT that child care in reality extends and interconnects throughout the fabric of economic and social life – that, like thinking, caring has to be a boundaryless activity – would mean recognising that thorough and fundamental changes are needed in capitalism if these basic human needs are to be justly met and time and labour are to be more equitably divided.

Some boundaries can be breached now. A group in Lambeth are investigating the possibility of a series of small children's centres which would provide other services like laundries, bulk-buying and meals, for example. The GLC's Industry and Employment Committee has given a grant for energy saving washing machines to Westway Community Laundry; the laundry does a service wash for a local nursery and is also a social centre where people drop in for a chat and can get help and advice in an informal and friendly way. Leeds Council's Industry Department have also funded a co-operative laundry which aims to have a café attached.

These new combinations bring back together activities which used to be easier to relate before the growth of large cities. Feminists have begun to take up questions like planning, housing, energy and transport in our cities. We are thus retreading, in a new context, paths left long neglected, made by organisations like the Co-operative Women's Guilds, the Women's Labour League and Fabian Women's Group who were very much involved in the origins of welfare and in the effort to democratise local government. Beatrice Webb's observation that 'in local government women's citizenship is theoretically recognised but imperfectly understood, unappreciated and little used whilst the evils crying out for women's intervention are enormous' has been dusted down to take on a new life.

When many social services were shifted from local to central government in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, the socialists and liberals who campaigned for this transition saw State planning as a neutral force. The Fabian women for example regarded the State as a benign guardian of children. Many socialists and feminists have learned to be less optimistic now because we have lived within a welfare state. But nonetheless we continue to hand over our capacity to devise how to live to planners and policy makers. Their confidence and professional expertise is then experienced as an alien and arbitrary force over our lives. Social scientists and economists have all too often become the adept legitimisers of this transference.

The solution cannot be that we all take part in interminable committees and hearings on drains and damp. For with the best will to democracy in the world most of us have neither time nor inclination. The flesh is after all mortal and we have only one life, and who is left holding the baby?

There has been a certain dualism within socialists' approach to democratic power. There has been the tradition of struggle epitomised by revolutionary syndicalism, of direct action and rank and filism. And there has been a tradition of change through enlightened policy-making of the Fabian kind and of agitation for the reform of local government by the election of Liberal and Labour councillors.

It was the achievement of Leninism to attempt to bring together struggle and strategic policy, but the means of doing this through the Leninist party has only been partial. The Leninist integration was weighted towards a concentration of centralised power which contributed to the narrowing of the scope for democracy with fatal consequences for socialism. The balancing of direct democratic power and the delegation of aspects of control is something which a renewal of socialism has to take on. For our failure to date means that we have abdicated a crucial zone of power, access to the very process of co-ordinating lived experience.

I do not pretend to have a blueprint for how this could be done. But recent instances of people defending aspects of their lives and communities indicate that the existing fragmentation is not inevitable. In the Fares Fair campaign in London for example it was possible to raise many inadequacies in the design and organisation of the transport system, which affected women with children, the old, and people with disabilities as well as the workers. In opposing the London Docklands Development Corporation's scheme for an airport in North Woolwich local people have developed a People's Plan, with the help of the GLC, which proposes nurseries, better provision for childminders, and drop-in centres for women with children who do not want to go out to work.

The flexibility of local government to such needs can overcome the authoritarian rigidity which has contributed to socialism's lack of popularity. Resources could go into the home as well as into communal facilities giving people more freedom over how they spend their time. This principle is already accepted by the central State in the form of cash benefits and tax allowances. Leeds Council, through social services, loans freezers to elderly people. An extension of this could make sense with other consumer durables which people reluctantly buy for occasional use.

The scope for realistic connection of everyday activities and a more democratic means of dividing their costs has been accruing in a new relation between community groups, trade unionists and local government. These are patchy and often awkward, and there are clearly limits to what can be done in such desultory, localised ways. But in any recreation of socialism as a popular force, learning through local experience is vital.

This is why the defence of local councils threatened with abolition is of strategic importance. These institutions themselves represent a limited though important democratic principle: the right to elect representatives to decide how a locality is administered. But the radical extensions of the scope of their concerns, their capacity to respond to real needs and the networks of people brought together by these changes indicate a deeper democracy which has a more immediate and living quality. The direct experience of self-government, not just at the workplace but in all aspects of our lives is a crucial companion to the delegation of powers which the right to elect national and local representatives made democratic.

Either this widening of popular power is to be part of a socialist movement concerned with taking power in the broadest sense, or it is to be crushed by the centralising and undemocratic ambitions of the conservative ascendancy. □

Sheila Rowbotham is a writer whose latest book, Dreams and Dilemmas, *is published by Virago. She also works for the GLC, but is writing here in her personal capacity.*

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LOCAL GOVERNMENT

All shook up

Mick Hamer investigates the chaos and expense that the abolition of the metropolitan counties would let loose

ABOLITION of the six English metropolitan counties, if the government insists on sticking to its plans, is going to be an expensive administrative nightmare. Some public services such as railway lines, which will depend on more than one council for support, will be jeopardised. Others will become less effective, because the district councils which will become responsible for them are too small to cope. And after the reorganisation, local government in the cities will be more expensive. West Yorkshire's county treasurer estimates that these extra running costs will be £8 million a year, which suggests that the total extra bill for the six metropolitan counties could be £45 million a year.

The government, in its White Paper 'Streamlining the Cities' proposes to transfer most metropolitan county functions to the district councils. Some of the functions, notably police, fire and public transport, will be run by 'joint boards', whose members would be nominated by district councils.

The government's main argument for these upheavals is that the metropolitan counties are – in the words of the Tory election manifesto – 'a wasteful and unnecessary tier of local government'. The government criticises the counties for their increasing rate demands, most of which are in fact directly caused by the removal of central government rate support grant. The White Paper said that in the last six years metropolitan counties' costs have increased by 22 per cent in real terms after allowing for inflation.

A substantial slice of metropolitan county spending, however, is directly dictated by the government. Police and fire services last year accounted for over 40 per cent of metropolitan county expenditure. Furthermore, 80 per cent of this spending is on staff. The government itself is responsible for determining police pay and has awarded pay rises in recent years which are substantially above the going rate in the public sector. Spending on police in the met counties between 1974/5 and 1981/2 rose as a result by almost a third in real terms.

West Yorkshire estimates that the cost of local government in the county would rise by over £8 million if the districts were to maintain services at existing levels. This is partly because the districts will need to employ extra staff, at a cost of £3.3 million. Delegation of services will increase costs in other ways, too. For example, dumping rubbish is becoming an increasing problem in cities. West Yorkshire has enough sites for the whole county, but district councils like Bradford and Leeds have few sites. Consequently, the district councils will need to build two new incinerators, which will cost an extra £2.1 million a year to run.

Abolishing the met counties would also cause a number of transitional costs. The most important of these is severance pay for redundant high level local government officers and disturbance pay for those who have to move jobs. In West Yorkshire this will cost anything from £12 million to £22 million. The total transitional costs for this county will be £20-30 million, which, if extrapolated to the other five counties, means that the tax- or ratepayer will have to find an extra £110 million to £165 million in total.

Originally the government said that abolishing the met counties would *save* £120 million. But by the time of the White Paper the government had retreated to: 'It is not possible to put a figure on the savings arising from abolition'. The metropolitan counties have commissioned a firm of accountants, Coopers and Lybrand, to put an independent figure on the costs. The study is still incomplete, but initial results are said to confirm that abolition will *increase* running costs, as well as causing substantial transitional costs.

Certainly the rate precepts from services controlled by joint boards are likely to rise faster than they would have done if under the met counties. In the first six years of the met counties' existence (from 1974 to 1980) their average rate precept rose by 124 per cent, well below the 140 per cent rate of inflation over the same period. In those six years water rates, a precept of the kind that will be levied by joint boards, increased by 170 per cent.

ONE OF THE MORE important of the met counties' functions is transport. West Yorkshire is particularly proud of its system of computerised control for traffic lights. Over 500 sets of traffic lights are controlled by three computers. The computers link the phasing of traffic lights so that delays to traffic are minimised.

Two of the computers are in Leeds, with a third at Huddersfield. West Yorkshire points to a scheme for a junction in Leeds, known as Sheepscar, as an example of how computer control saves money. The old Leeds council planned a vast road scheme for Sheepscar, which included no less than six flyovers. Instead, West Yorkshire used its computer-controlled traffic lights to speed up the traffic. The extra signals cost about £200,000 – although over £4 million had to be spent on widening roads to stack the traffic queues. Even so, the cost of this scheme, which opened last year, was less than one sixth of the old road building scheme, while doing the same job.

The government proposes instead that the computer traffic system should be controlled by a committee of district councils, of which there are five in West Yorkshire. But the scope for local disagreement is notorious. Wakefield, for instance, only has one junction important enough to be linked into the system. And why should rural Calderdale contribute towards the cost of computer control, most of which is in Bradford, Leeds and Huddersfield?

West Yorkshire council leader John Gunnell explained how difficult it was to get district councils to agree. At the inquiry into extending the runway at Bradford–Leeds airport, the proposal was supported by one council, while two others opposed it.

The government proposes that the five airports run by the met counties (only South Yorkshire has not got one) should become the responsibility of a special type of joint board – the passenger transport authority. These authorities were, in fact, established by the 1968 Transport Act, but since 1974 local government reorganisation they have been synonymous with the met county councils. The government is also going to allow district councils to opt out of the transport authority, if they want to run their own bus services. At least three – Bradford (West Yorkshire), Coventry (West Midlands) and Doncaster (South Yorkshire) – are planning to opt out. In the case of Bradford, West Yorkshire has reorganised its bus services since 1974 so that most bus routes now cross district boundaries. Disentangling them would be very difficult.

Metropolitan counties have in fact helped to cut some of the municipal extravagence and unnecessary duplication. Greater Manchester, for example, has scrapped plans for new roads totalling £3 billion and is now planning to build just £300 million of new roads over the next ten years. Some of this, of course, reflects a change in attitude towards new roads in urban areas. But most of the plans were hugely extravagent, or could be replaced, as in West Yorkshire, by traffic management schemes.

Some of the functions carried out by met counties can only be achieved because of

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their size. The Sheffield and South Yorkshire navigation, for example, would never have been modernised without the backing of the county council (initially against central government opposition).

Similar arguments apply to most of the other met county functions. West Yorkshire is the only county left in England with a sizeable number of elms. This is because it pursued a policy of paying private householders to fell diseased elms. In the short term this policy was expensive – up to £500 per tree. But in the long term it has paid off. Merseyside had to spend £2 million felling diseased elms on its ring road. Yet, if just one district council opted out of such a policy, it would make it wholly ineffective.

West Yorkshire has built half a dozen transfer stations for rubbish. This enables the district councils to optimise their collections. It also enables the county to control the reclamation of land and insist on a condition being attached to planning permission for quarrying that the site must be reinstated within ten years. No single district would have the volume of rubbish to insist on a ten-year limit.

At the end of 1979 the government appointed a special inquiry into local government in Scotland, which was reorganised on the English pattern in 1975. It supported the 'two tier' system of district councils with 'strategic' authorities over them. It specifically rejected the claims of four Scottish cities – Aberdeen, Dundee, Edinburgh and Glasgow – that they should be allowed to take more power from regional councils.

The conviction amongst politicians and many officers in the met counties is that the government's desire to abolish them has nothing to do with costs, or efficiency. The government does not like the met counties because they form a powerful lobby and because they are currently all Labour-controlled. By abolishing them, the government hopes to divide and rule more easily. □

THIS ENGLAND

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□ Sixty-three-year-old Charles Levesley was too fit to receive mobility allowance, ruled social security chiefs recently, despite the fact that Mr Levesley had been dead for five weeks. Now the DHSS has apologised to his widowed mother. – *London Alternative Magazine* (Alice Simons)

□ A man who kicked and punched his girlfriend, dragged her to his car by the hair and drove off with her was trying to help her keep out of trouble, Teesdale magistrates heard on Wednesday . . . The chairman, Mr Bob Trotter, told Brown that the bench had sympathy with him but he should not take the law into his own hands and assault people. – *Teesdale Mercury* (Henry Brentnoll)

□ Pensioners Bill and Connie Zugar of Mansfield, Notts, have been told by British Telecom that the £4,569 phone bill they were sent was a mistake – the correct amount should have been £30. – *Lancashire Evening Telegraph* (G. Moor)

□ A footballer who ate the referee's notebook after being warned for using bad language has been banned for six weeks. – *Daily Telegraph* (G. Moor)

EDUCATION

Schools of racism

Dave Hamilton looks critically at the response of head teachers to growing violence in Bradford schools

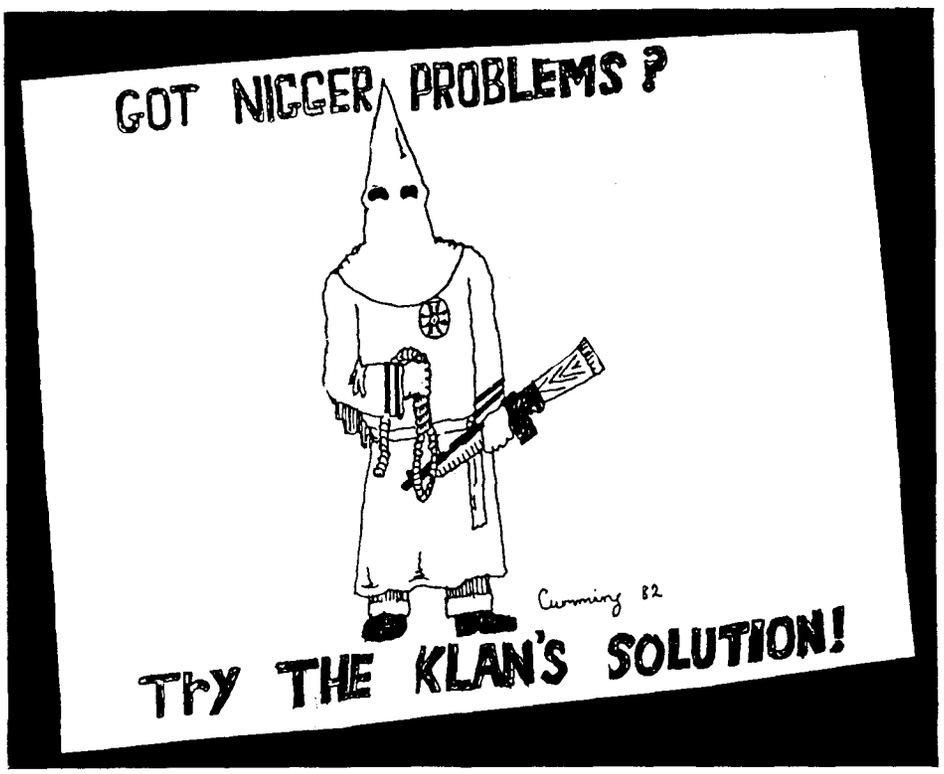
BRADFORD citizens watched an extraordinary saga unfold in the weeks around Christmas: Asian school pupils stepped forward before TV cameras, on the radio, on the front pages of Bradford's *Telegraph and Argus*, and, detailing racist harassment in their schools, racist attacks, and indifference by teachers, demanded safety guarantees before they returned to school.

Their allegations were denied immediately by headteachers and school governors. Yet Bradford's education committee ordered two inquiries. For in the last year or so, especially since the Bradford 12 trial, it is the council members rather than the teaching staff who have responded to the demands of their Asian citizens. Leaked council reports indicated that several Bradford schools faced severe, and increasing, racial tension. The headteachers continued to deny it. The education committee then invited the Asian Youth Movement (AYM) to assist the council in 'finding new ways of fighting racism in schools.'

Buoyed perhaps by all this publicity, Bradford's British National Party (BNP) stated, just before Christmas, that they had been actively recruiting in schools. On 4 January 1984 they produced their star member – a Bradford ex-headteacher. Although he had only joined up after he retired in April 1983 he had, he said, been sympathetic to the fascist organisation while still employed.

Other teachers have said that they see no difference between a white pupil attacking an Asian and any other form of playground violence. This caused some merriment among Asians who joked that 'Paki-bashing' has been Bradford's most consistent education policy. The first public documentation of it was in 1965, the most recent an attack in Hanson school the day before term ended for the Christmas holidays. Bradford's Asian Youth Movement (AYM), formed in 1977, developed from Asian resistance to 'Paki-bashing'. By Spring 1982 'Paki-bashing' was so much a cultural norm that 6 year old white children tried beating their Asian peers with sticks on a Bradford street in this new children's game.

For headteachers, the fault lay not with racist activities but the council's small steps towards combatting racism. Kenneth Lickley, head of Eccleshill Upper School, thought November's memorandum containing race relations guidelines for schools issued by the council as well as press coverage had exacerbated tension. It was Asian pupils from Eccleshill school who ignited the furore by publicly condemning years of harassment at the school. On 5 December a



A clear incitement to racist violence in 'Bradford Patriot,' May 1982. Director of Public Prosecutions please take note.

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fight at the school resulted in the expulsion of an Asian boy and the suspension of a white one.

In early December a meeting of the Association of Headteachers voted against implementing the memorandum which, though much diluted, stressed that racism was the problem, and that teachers must act against it. Labour councillor Barry Thorne commented: 'The crisis we are faced with today is that some of our headmasters are a law unto themselves and I am getting pig-sick of power-mad headmasters.' Even the deputy leader of the Tory group, councillor Ronnie Farley said: 'Heads are whining and whingeing about every policy we put out. They are being destructive rather than constructive. Some of the kids in their schools would make better administrators.' He then told the meeting that should heads continue to refuse to attend race training courses, they would be removed from school selection panels.

ECCLESHILL has always been a recruiting ground for Bradford's fascists, who swing from organisation to organisation depending on where the action is. The most aggressive group was the British Movement, which disintegrated during the winter of 1982/83. Their main organiser, Trevor Watmough, started 1983 as Bradford organiser for Eddie Morrison's National Action Party. By the summer, he had moved over to the BNP. Watmough is a former pupil at Eccleshill school. In the 1970s he had literature confiscated by a teacher at the school (prompting his mother to complain about 'Communist teachers'), and it was he who in the British Movement internal magazine, *Bradford Patriot*, May 1982, defended his close friend and BM colleague Thomas Allen for his murder of Mohammad Arif, a Bradford taxi driver. Allen, Watmough pointed out, had done it for race and nation. The Bradford police have always stated that the motive for the murder was robbery.

During 1983 three issues were the focus for fascist organisations in the schools. The first was the demand made in Spring 1982 by Moslem fundamentalists for separate Moslem schools – a demand subsequently supported by most racist groups. The majority of the Asian community resisted this, and a document prepared by the AYM, strongly supported by the Council of Mosques, became council policy.

The second issue, which led to a Bradford education committee inquiry, was the appointment of a black headteacher, Carlton Duncan, at Wyke Manor school. The National Front claimed to have made many recruits in the school, which is predominantly white, as a consequence. (In December 1982 National Front supporters Sieg Heiling and chanting violent racist slogans invaded a Bradford wine bar and wounded a West Indian woman with an axe.)

Far from Carlton Duncan receiving NUT support at the school, a supply teacher has been suspended by the education authority after his allegations that staff members at the school made racist remarks about the head and his family, including at NUT meetings.

The third issue has been the campaign against halal meat in schools waged by the animal rights movement which argues that the method of slaughter to produce halal meat is cruel. The council had decided in mid-1982 to provide halal meat in school for Moslem pupils, unleashing a torrent of hate mail on (Tory) councillor Peter Gilmour, who proposed it, and Reverend Hawkins, who defended the decision. There has been an upsurge in attendance by racists at animal rights meetings – to the distress of the animal rights activists.

Against this background, events at Eccleshill school are hardly surprising. Asian pupils have said that throughout 1983 they suffered constant daily abuse and jostling with white youths entering the schools regularly and leading pack chases around the school. Asian pupils sought transfers and were told by teachers 'not to damage the school's reputation'. Teachers, according to Asian pupils, repeatedly said the situation would 'cool down'. Asians make up 25 per cent of the school's 1,100 pupils. The fight at the school on 5 December followed the distribution inside the school of *British Nationalist* according to pupils.

This is denied by Mr Lickley, who rejects the allegations of much racist activity. But the education committee's interim report on the situation in Eccleshill, published last week, backs up the Asian pupils' case, saying there is racial tension throughout the authority, and that literature and graffiti has been distributed in the school. Unfortunately, however, the Asian pupils themselves were not contacted during the preparation of the report. □

ECOLOGY

Darkness over all the earth

A major new study reveals the cataclysmic ecological effects of nuclear war, reports Tony Crofts

APART, predictably, from the *Guardian*, the British press was quite silent on the major scientific conference in Washington at the beginning of November last year on The World After Nuclear War. Perhaps our newspapers were unable to appreciate the sheer enormity of the conclusions presented. The papers delivered went far beyond any previous account of the hazards of blast, fire and radiation.

A gigantic computer programme analysing the effects on the climate of smoke and soot from the extensive fires that would be produced by nuclear explosions, has been put together by a group including three NASA space laboratory scientists and Dr Carl Sagan of Cornell University. It ran 30 different scenarios, ranging from 100 Megatons – the warheads carried on one Trident submarine, a quarter of the Soviet SS20s and 75 Cruise missiles, for instance – all on urban targets, to a baseline all-out war involving 5,000 Megatons – i.e. about 4/10 of the total world arsenal – with a minimum of 20% being used on urban areas.

The results the computer spilled out were appalling almost beyond description, and delineated a climatic disaster of hitherto unimaginable proportions. 225 million tons of soot and smoke particles would be injected into the atmosphere and stratosphere, rapidly spreading a pall round the Northern hemisphere. It would reduce sunlight reaching the earth to 1 per cent of normal. Plant life – especially if in its high summer active phase – would come to a standstill and cease to produce any surplus for human food.

As the darkness gathered, average temperatures would fall to around zero Fahrenheit (−25 to 30° C.) This would freeze the ground to a depth of 1 metre, even in midsummer, making all drinking water unavailable. The thermal storage capacity of the oceans would create huge temperature gradients across coastlines, producing enormous storms. This situation would prevail for about six months.

The 100-Megaton scenario produced exactly the same effects, with only a slightly quicker recovery time. And when the murk finally cleared, surviving animals would be blinded, and plant and animal species burned by ultra-violet B radiation from the sun no longer filtered by the damaged ozone layer.

Isolated bomb tests have given no indication of these effects, because they have always been carried out in desert areas or on

CITYLIMITS
THIS WEEK

'That was the system Mussolini tried to force upon the Italians . . . and which Hitler sought to impose on Germany.'

George Tremlett, leading London Tory on the government's plans to abolish the Greater London Council. Tremlett attacks Margaret Thatcher's reasoning as 'banal' and her conduct 'immoral'.

PLUS

Real Estates—four views of life on London's Estates.
Steve Bell on Maggie's Farm and Biff In Town Tonight.
Complete books section and a full guide to London's film, theatre, music, sport, art, TV, video, nightclubs, political events, food, radio, dance and poetry.
Crossword by Angst, Heartland and Corridors of Power.

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islands with comparatively little combustible material. Fallout – the dust and debris sucked up into the mushroom cloud – being mineral in origin, fairly large in size and not very light-absorbing, is known to return to earth fairly fast. Smoke is made up of very fine particles and so stays aloft far longer; its graphitic nature means it is intensely light-absorbing. The scientists also found that its lower elevation into the atmosphere by smaller blasts would create far higher levels of fallout irradiation than previously predicted.

By far the most shattering finding was that climatic disruption would be so severe that nearly all the effects would reach the Southern hemisphere, which normally works as a separate system, even if no sites there were targeted. The ecological implications – particularly in the delicately-balanced environments of the tropics – are cataclysmic. The final report envisages such a widespread collapse of the world's life-support systems that a majority of plant and animal species may be extinguished.

THESE conclusions were so new in many respects, and so shocking, that the results were subjected to international review and re-calculation over and over again. "I have never known any piece of scientific work subjected to such minute peer scrutiny," commented one British professor formerly working at CERN, the European Centre for Nuclear Research, Geneva. When finally presented in Washington, they were subjected to a further two days' inquisition by 100 leading scientists including numerous Nobel laureates.

On the second day of the meeting, a two-way satellite TV link was opened with Moscow, to hear a paper on parallel work carried out by the Soviet Academy of Sciences. Despite a different climatic model and a different computer programme, the results replicated the Western ones. The conclusions were accepted as unanimous.

Plasma physicist Evgeny Velikov, Vice-President of the Soviet Academy, who had attended the Washington symposium, was invited to sum up. Throughout, the Americans had scrupulously abstained from discussing any political or strategic implications, although it was clear that even a completely successful first strike which prevented an opponent from launching any retaliation at all would sign the aggressor's own death warrant by climatic action, and condemn his own people to a certain slow death in darkness, ice and starvation.

Everyone present was astonished when Velikov took the bull by the horns and said: 'Now it is time to draw conclusions. Nuclear weapons are totally useless. They are no use whatsoever as an instrument of war or policy. It is sometimes said that nuclear weapons add muscle to military power. They are no muscle: they are a cancer on each of our states. We have to cut it out. The choice is simple: either we kill the cancer or it kills us.' The entire assembly broke into wild applause.

Sadly, hardly an echo of that applause has reached these shores.

Tony Crofts is an agricultural journalist

TERRITORIAL ARMY

Boys' own

Moyra Doorly investigates the keenness and jolly old dedication of Britain's hidden army

'IN AN IDEAL world, without armies, I suppose I'd be a mountaineer or sail the Atlantic,' said Howard Railton, engineer, who joined the Territorial Army because he wanted an exciting hobby. 'Of course I don't want to fight. But if Queen's Order II is ever given, and by God let's hope it never is, then I'll be ready. We all will.'

And the chaps in the officers' mess of the South London HQ of the 5th Battalion the Royal Regiment of Fusilliers drank to that. Not that they were ready to confess their patriotism. It's too old-fashioned a virtue, they said, to be freely admitted, even by Howard who includes among his trophies the champagne bottle he emptied on VF-day (VF=Victory Falklands). 'As tidy as Waterloo, the Falklands was,' he said, and they all wished they'd been there. No, they joined the Territorial Army for the comradeship, the challenge, to stretch themselves, to see how they would stand up to pressure. Said Andrew Jeffries, geography teacher, 'All the time you wonder if you'll be able to do what you've been trained to do.'

The British army gets good value out of men like Howard and Andrew. For 3 per cent of the cost, the 60,000-strong TA makes up 30 per cent of the army's initial fighting capability. Regular soldiers get a pension, they need living quarters for themselves and their families, school fees allowances, disturbance allowances, etc. TA men get the same basic pay (taxed) as their regular counterparts for each day put in, a yearly bounty of £400 tax free, travelling allowances (small), free uniforms and food on training days.

'We don't do it for the money,' said Simon Hill, vicar's son and UK sales manager for a furniture company, who developed a taste for army life while serving with his school cadets. 'The army gets tremendous mileage out of a TA man simply because he's bloody keen.' The TA man has to attend an annual 15-day camp, which might involve a trip to Germany if his unit has a NATO commitment, or to Hong Kong if he's lucky; 15 training days, meaning weekends on a range or on Salisbury Plain; and a minimum of 30 evenings at his local TA centre. Sergeants, officers and the very keen do more. Most TA men, Simon explained, are either bachelors or have understanding wives. Of course, women can join too, but are limited to the medical, intelligence or signals units.

The TA is anxious to prove itself the equal of the regular army. Recruitment posters portray a fully equipped, charging soldier from each one, and defy the viewer to tell the difference. On manoeuvres, regular soldiers are said often to be bewildered at the lengths to which a TA unit will go to capture a position. Things are done in true army fashion. Officers dine in their well carpeted mess, served by a steward in white gloves, and are called Sir. The men eat sausage rolls in their mess.

AFTER DINNER it's time for the new recruits to be put through their paces. They must be fit. They have to be able to move and fight under the weight of battle dress, guns, equipment, rations – the Complete Equipment Fighting Order, as it's called. The sergeant major, a physical education teacher in his spare time, has them knee bending and toe touching until the time comes for the weekly lecture. This week, it's how to dig in. Next week it may be map reading, an AFV (Armoured Fighting Vehicle) lecture, or NBC (Nuclear, Biological, Chemical warfare) decontamination drills.

As they head for the lecture room – 'Run!' the sergeant major yells, 'and keep those backs straight' – Simon bemoans the lot of the street corner punk whose true British character lies dormant, requiring only a regulation dose of discipline to flower. It's that again – the army will make a man of you, or a punk can be a good soldier too. The question is, how do you persuade the punk to leave the street corner and take his place on a muddy shell-cratered hillside to prepare for the day when he's called to defend Queen and country from those buggers the Russians? Were the punk and the Falklands hero really born under the same flag?

Like the regular army, the TA recruits on the suggestion that civvy street cannot possibly offer the excitement of a weekend on Dartmoor under fire. The TA is a worthwhile sparetime activity, it says. But then so is working with the mentally handicapped. It's the army life they love, the rough, tough challenge, the chance to relax in the bar afterwards with mates and the realisation that the job they might be called on to do is *important*, that it's their duty. And what can swell a man's chest more than the sense of a duty that is his. 'Proud?' exclaimed Simon. 'You bet I am.'

Said Private Ron Walker, who joined the army cadets, did his National Service and now works for the GLC, 'There hasn't been a time since I was 13 when there hasn't been a uniform in my wardrobe.' Private Gerry Quarendon – who continues to refuse rank, has his army shirts tailored, drives a 1953

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Territorial Army recruits training on a general purpose machine gun

Bentley and works for the Post Office – said, 'It's my life.'

There's no saying how this country's wars would have gone without devotion like that. Voluntary part-time service is a deeply ingrained British tradition and contributed to the outcome of conflicts with Napolean, the Boers and in both world wars. The oldest part of the TA, the Honourable Artillery Company, was founded in the middle ages. The present TA traces its origins to the volunteer army raised in 1859 under fear of invasion from France.

In 1908 the TA finally got its name as a potential fighting force, only to lose it again. In the Labour government's 1967 defence review it was drastically pruned in size – the idea was to provide a smaller, more readily mobilised unit – and amalgamated with the Volunteer Reserves as the TAVR. Today, TA units either have a NATO commitment or are assigned to defend the home base, as it's called. The TA also sponsors units whose members put in less time, but bring such specialist skills as those of the doctor or the telecommunication engineer.

BECAUSE OF this tradition, many old employers look kindly on staff with TA duties. Breweries and the Post Office are particularly ready to release employees for service. On the other hand, some members prefer to keep quiet about their hobby. Recruits are warned to expect teases from workmates and friends, but that they will learn to bear it, as Tommy Atkins did. You know, 'It's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck him out, the brute!" But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when the guns begin to shoot.' They all love Kipling here. And, of course, the self discipline, self confidence and ability to make decisions and command respect – the very qualities which the TA will instil – can do wonders for civilian life.

But although just about every office and factory can boast a member – and for all its tradition – the TA is unobtrusive, almost hidden. Interestingly, the estimated strength of the British Army for NATO purposes does not include the TA force. The Royal Regiment of Fusilliers headquarters sits quietly on a main road with just the regimental crest over the door. The punks don't even notice that it's there. Inside, men in uniform move around briskly between the COY (Company) office, the CSM (Company Sergeant Major) office and the QM (Quarter Master) office. Men salute officers; officers bark orders (but with their tongue in their cheek). Preparations are being made for the Fusilliers' annual camp at Okehampton. The loading of supplies and uniforms, the checking of guns and bits of fighting hardware will taken an entire weekend. The arsenal includes sub machine guns for the cooks, single loading rifles – SLRs – for snipers and general purpose machine guns – GPMGs – which are 'Fierce beasts' according to Simon. Apparently they can bring down eight men in a burst. The 5th Battalion also has 11 vehicles parked in the yard outside, a firing range for some dry target practice and, pride of prides, a museum tracing the battallion's history.

What will you be doing this weekend?
All of us love our weekends, but do they always live up to our expectations? Do you on occasions get a little tired with the routine and wish that you could do something really different and exciting for a change . . . do something very worthwhile, serve your Country and earn money into the bargain?

Ever thought about joining the Territorial Army?
Take a look at the soldiers pictured below. They look as if they know what they are doing, don't they? They look as if they must be soldiers in the Regular Army. Well they're not full-time

With the evening's duty done, the time has come for a bit of comradeship. (Terry Smith, Company Commander and sociology lecturer, works all day in an all female environment). So the men go back to their well-stocked mess and the officers go to theirs. The potential officer goes through a two week selection course at Sandhurst to gain his commission although only after a year in the ranks.

'People are always asking me how a vicar's son could be prepared to kill,' said Simon, 'but as far as I can see the soldier's role today is as part of the overall deterent. The soldier today is actually a peacekeeper, not someone who's spoiling for a fight.'

'We have to defend ourselves. Keep them at bay,' Howard added. 'All the best wars could so easily have been lost.' This realisation will make the cold and the wet, the hunger and the fatigue of the patrols, nights on guard, the offensives and defences to come at Okehampton seem insignificant, especially when it can all be laughed over with the boys in the bar afterwards. 'I do wonder why I do it sometimes,' admitted Andrew, 'on a dark night when the wind's blowing. But I wouldn't give it up.'

The good old British values are alive and well then. So the next time you catch the greengrocer in his unform, remember he is the stuff that empires are made of. □

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DIARY

Andrew Roth

Miami

It was unprecedented to land at Miami's airport, even on Boxing Day, and find immigration officials fighting for customers. Usually one waits lengthily for them to check their enormous blacklist to find out whether you are one of the smugglers who have made Florida the main drug entrypoint to the US. It looked as though foreign warmth seekers were off to the Caribbean. The hardening dollar has made Florida increasingly expensive for Brits and some, of course, were scared off by last year's race riots, or the high crime rate of the year before. (During the last year, killings went down to 426 in the Miami area – about the rate of a West European country.) This year's greatest tourist deterrent was the record breaking North American frost, which dropped temperatures as much as 60°. Christmas morning, which had been sunny and mild for my grandchildren in Somerset, had seen frost creep into Miami, killing four people through hypothermia.

○

It was back over 50° when my Cuban taxi driver dropped me at the guarded gate of my mother's 1,000-flat condominium, with 20 low-rise buildings grouped around a salt-water lake, lagoons with tropical birds and flying fish, five swimming pools and a luxurious clubhouse – but only one Christmas tree visible. 'I have made two good decisions,' she always tells us. 'I left Hungary (before World War 1) and I left New York.' Statistically speaking, she's right – air-conditioned whites in Southern Florida live 12 years over the national average. It was inevitable that a Florida condominium built in 1966 should have attracted largely elderly Jews from the northeastern cities. In declining old neighbourhoods, they were confronted by a rising tide of black consciousness which was turning away from the liberal and left-wing Jews (who had previously backed civil rights) towards the radical Arabs. Their children, already in the suburbs, saw Florida as a salvation. Cheap airconditioning had made it habitable year-round and cheap air travel made it accessible for winter family reunions. The brainwashing that goes on at these places became evident at a 'discussion group'. Ann Ackerman, the local Zionist leader, with garden-party hat and flatly nasal Chicago speech, warned of a second holocaust. This would be the result of allowing Jewish children to celebrate Christmas instead of the Jewish *Chanukah* – which, she claimed, puts them on the slippery slope to intermarriage, the main 'threat' to cohesion of the 6 million Jews in the US. Mrs Ackerman made it clear that she wanted that cohesion in order to give the Zionists political clout. With 260,000 Jews in the Miami area and 450,000 in Southern Florida, Zionists here can demand that Washington cuddle even closer to Jerusalem.

○

Although a few gentiles have survived this atmosphere, there is not a single black tenant in my mother's condominium. Blacks pass the guarded gate as gardeners, cleaners or companions for incapable geriatrics. Although legal obstacles have gone, Miami is, apart from Boston, the worst city in the US for black people.

Blacks' hopelessness about jobs still provides tinder. Miami intensifies the problem. 'Cubans take jobs away from blacks. That's the big thing,' complained 71-year-old Clara Norse. Blacks have been in retreat from skilled and catering jobs since the Cubans started coming *en masse* 25 years ago.

○

We drove almost half way across Miami to 'Calle Ocho', as Cubans call SW 8th Street, now their main drag. The extent of the Cuban *diaspora* is little appreciated outside Florida, and much deplored within it. After Castro took over 25 years ago, one million of Cuba's then six million people crossed the 90 miles of sea to Florida, including most of its owning and professional classes. Fully 500,000 have settled in the Miami area, making up 36 per cent of its population. Castro's estranged sister runs a local pharmacy. His former lieutenant in the Sierras, whom he jailed for 20 years, still dreams, behind his wire fences, 21-foot floodlights, guard dogs and closed-circuit TV, of ousting Castro. The Cubans' fierce desire to oust Castro has long provided America's CIA and

other anti-Communist activists with their biggest pool of voluntary and mercenary helpers. Abandoned recently by the Federal government, Cuban activists have turned increasingly to terrorism, for which, very belatedly, they are being prosecuted. Last month, Eduardo Arocena, the alleged chief of Omega 7, an anti-Castro terrorist organisation, was indicted for 47 different alleged crimes. These included the 1980 car bombing of Cuba's Ambassador to the UN and the 1968 bombing of the Cuban state orchestra's concert hall. Although Arocena was caught with automatic weapons, silencers and bombs, the Cuban community raised $21,000 for his legal defence. This occurred although terrorist organisations here have been shown to serve also as debt collectors for drug smugglers.

○

'In a community like this,' said the wandering professor from Ithaca, 'this is a pretty good turnout.' About 200 turned out for a peace picnic at Greynold's Park. Lunch was provided by a local vegetarian restaurant under the slogan, 'PEACE BEGINS IN THE KITCHEN'. Our professor explained that the US peace movement is so limited because the overwhelming majority have closed their minds even to the *possibility* of a nuclear war. A few days later, a town in Pennsylvania inadvertently sounded its nuclear warning, only to have it completely ignored. Consciousness may be raised this election year. The Democrats *have* to attack high spending on defence, to convince voters that they can achieve lower interest rates and more welfare spending. They can hardly avoid warning of the dangers of 'another Vietnam' in Central America. Concern about the nuclear arms race has been given a hefty boost within the Eastern Establishment by Averill Harriman, former Ambassador to the USSR and UK, adviser to five presidents and chief negotiator of the 1963 Limited Test Ban Treaty. Having kept his lips sealed for three years, he attacked Reagan for 'nuclear irresponsibility' in the *New York Times* on New Year's Day. One wonders whether he sent a copy to his stepson, Winston Churchill.

ROGER WODDIS

Humpty Henry

'If these regimes are allowed to fall, they will be replaced by much worse.' – Daily Telegraph *on the Kissinger Commission's report on Central America.*

Humpty Henry sat on a wall,
Humpty Henry issued a call:
'Billions of dollars in military aid
Should keep them going until we invade.'

Such support for bloody regimes
Isn't so terrible as it seems:
Human rights are all very well,
But hell, who needs a Liberty Bell?

A corpse or two, the *Telegraph* said,
Rate no more than a shake of the head:
Torture and death squads, most will agree,
Are keeping Central America free.

Bearded Cubans with pungent cheroots
And hordes of Russians with snow on their boots,
If here and now a line isn't drawn,
Will soon be camped on the President's lawn.

Humpty Henry runs with the ball:
If these regimes are allowed to fall,
All of his gunships and all of his men
Won't put Humpty together again.

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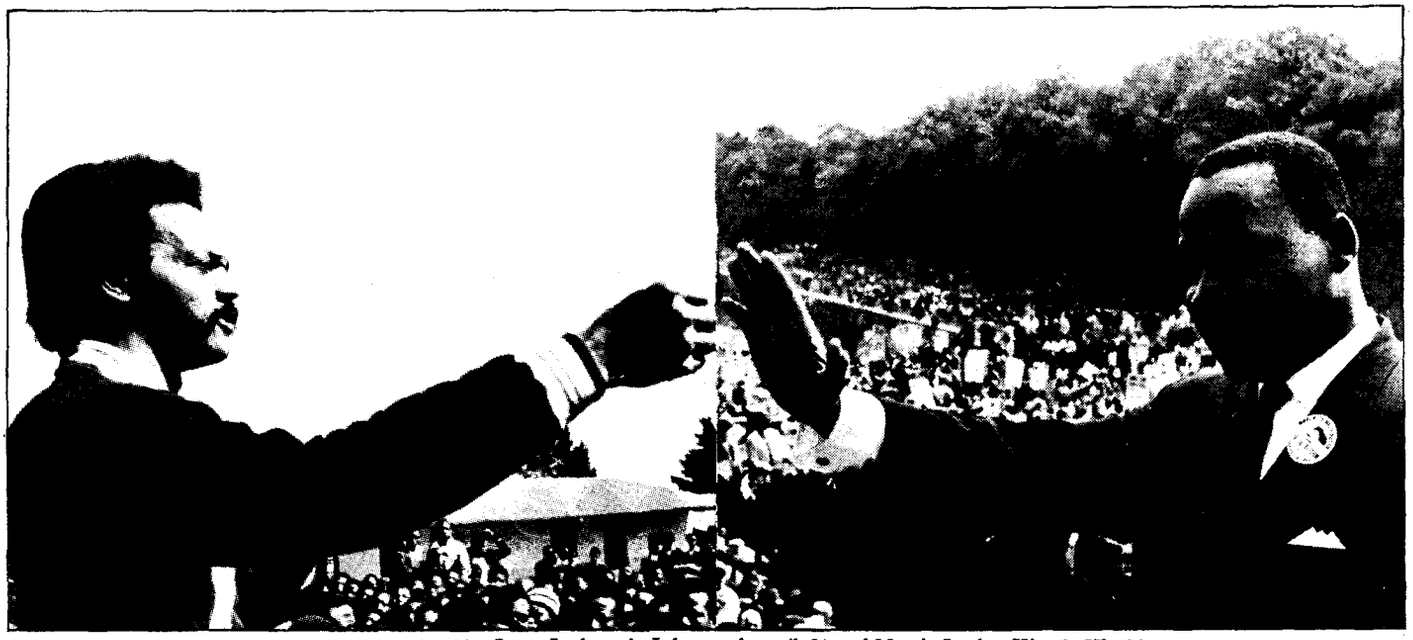
The Unfinished Revolution



Both photos: Popperfoto

Changing styles of leadership: Jesse Jackson in Johannesburg (left) and Martin Luther King in Washington.

With a rich black elite and a black population caught in unemployment, crime and poverty, Manning Marable asks what political options are now available

New York

THREE EVENTS in 1983 symbolised for many Americans the tremendous advances gained by blacks during the previous three decades. In April, black Democratic Congressman Harold Washington was narrowly elected mayor of Chicago, the country's most segregated city. With an unlikely coalition of blacks, Hispanics, liberal trade unionists, feminists and white leftists, Washington upset a reactionary political machine which had dominated blacks for a half century. On 27 August, about 300,000 Americans (about three fourths of whom were black) staged a successful demonstration in Washington DC under the slogan 'Jobs, Peace and Freedom'. Although technically promoted as the 'Twentieth Anniversary' celebration of the historic march of 1963 led by Martin Luther King Jr, the political programme was significantly further left of the earlier mobilisation, linking the issues of full employment, the necessity for massive cuts in defence expenditure and an end to US intervention in Central America. Finally, the sudden emergence of civil rights leader Jesse Jackson as a possible candidate for the Democratic Party's presidential nomination threw political leaders of both parties into disarray. Political analysts noted that black voters now comprise over one fifth of the normal Democratic Party electorate and that any massive registration drive within black communities would probably determine the 1984 elections, just as blacks had been a decisive component of Jimmy Carter's victory in 1976.

The massive changes in American race relations and politics are striking in other respects. In Birmingham, Alabama, only 20 years ago, police chief 'Bull' Connor unleashed dogs and levied clubs and firehoses against passive black protestors. Today, the mayor of Birmingham is a black progressive, Richard Arrington. In September 1968, Andrew Young was arrested for blocking sanitation trucks during a strike of black garbage workers. Four years later, he was elected to Congress; today he is the mayor of Atlanta. Less than a decade ago, Howard Fuller was an avowed proponent of 'Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tse Tung' thought, a leader of the revolutionary Malcolm X College in North Carolina. Late last year, he became a cabinet member and top black administrator to the governor of Wisconsin. Marion Berry, currently mayor of Washington DC, first became involved in politics two decades ago as a militant leader of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee. The defiant youths of the Black Power generation have now reached middle age and many are ensconsed in higher education, government and trade union leadership. One could say that the civil rights and Black Power movements have come of age.

Superficially, the sheer numbers of blacks moving into positions of power seem to validate the myth of American cultural pluralism and democracy. The number of black elected officials nationwide jumped from 103 in 1964 to 5,003 in 1980. The number of blacks in Congress increased from 5 in 1964 to 21 in 1983. While, on the economic front – for young black adults with college degrees – the traditional income gap between white and black had virtually disappeared by 1977. In the northern and far-western states, the incomes of black two-parent families in this educational category actually exceeded that of white families – $16,715 to $16,691 – by 1976.

The essential problem with this Horatio Alger saga of success is that these examples are exceptions to the rule. While about 9.4 million white family heads earn at least $35,000 annually, only 375,000 black families earn that figure, out of a black population of 28 million. As of three years ago, 548,000 white males reported personal incomes in excess of $75,000. Only 4,000 black men and fewer than 500 black women earned this figure – mostly professional athletes, celebrities, physicians and a few token administrators. There is a tiny black elite, but it has not become anything approaching a powerful class.

THE NUMBER OF blacks being trained in the professions is still pitifully small. A profile of the 1981-82 recipients of doctorates in the US illustrates the problem. Only 1,133 of the 31,048 Americans receiving doctorates were black, about 3.6 per cent of the total. The vast majority of them, 850 or 75 per cent, were concentrated in two fields: education and social sciences. Only 29 of the 3,348 doctorates in the physical sciences went to Afro-Americans; in advanced mathematics, 6 out of 720; engineering, 20 of 2,644; and, in the growing field of computer

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sciences, only about one out of 220 doctorates.

As a rule, black people tend to work in industries that are contracting. Over a quarter of all black workers are employed in manufacturing – steel, autos, textiles, etc – and another 13 per cent are in the public sector. Conversely, blacks are underrepresented in those areas of the economy which will experience the most rapid growth over the coming years – high technology, energy, agribusiness.

Thus the present and future employment status for the vast majority of blacks, short of some democratic socialist reorganisation of the US economy, is grim indeed. In 1969, non-white unemployment in the US stood at 6.4 per cent, compared to 3.1 per cent for whites. By 1977, 13.1 per cent of all black men and 14.8 per cent of black women were unemployed. After several years of Reaganomics in the 1980s, the situation became critical. Black youth unemployment in some ghettoes exceeded 80 per cent last summer and, during Reagan's first year in office, the real median income of black families declined by 5.2 per cent. Even Reagan's 'tax cut', passed two years ago to stimulate consumer savings, actually perpetuated racial inequality. The average white household was scheduled to receive $1,019 in tax breaks in 1983 and $1,369 in 1984, whereas black households averaged $542 in 1983 and $632 in 1984.

This steady deterioration of blacks' economic basis within American society has produced devastating socio-economic consequences: an alarming increase in alcoholism, drug abuse, crime and juvenile delinquency. By the late 1970s, over 2 million Afro-Americans were arrested *every year*. About half of the 600,000 American men behind bars and the 1,300 awaiting execution on death row are black. Over 10,000 black men are murdered every year. Black male homicide rates are eight to nine times higher than for white males. The black family has been fundamentally transformed by this process of social chaos. In 1960, for example, 75 per cent of all black children lived with both parents. today, about 55 per cent of all black families have only one parent or guardian, and the older social institutions which provided stability and order within black neighbourhoods during the segregation era – churches, civic clubs, community associations – have been seriously weakened, if not destroyed.

As if these problems were not enough, the re-emergence of a particularly virulent form of racist violence has compounded the plight of black labour. Since the late 1970s, nearly 500 cases of Ku Klux Klan terror and murders have been documented. Five hundred additional incidents of racist violence have been recorded – not counting other forms of brutality, such as police violence. One dozen lynchings and/or racist murders were recorded in Mississippi alone during 1980. Civil rights leaders, black politicians and community organisers have been arrested and beaten, with little media publicity. My wife's brother, a black policeman in a rural Georgia town, was killed by a racist seven years ago; in December 1981, her cousin was lynched by vigilantes. Former National Urban League Director Vernon Jordan was nearly assassinated in Indiana several years ago – his assailant later acquitted by an all-white jury. Despite the existence of 'anti-Klan' statutes and other federal laws to reduce racist violence, Reagan's Attorney General, William French Smith, has refused to pursue nearly all of these cases. The US Justice Department has prosecuted barely two dozen of such cases in the past three years. The terror continues.

THUS THE CENTRAL dilemma of black politics today is that the Afro-American community is no longer monolithic economically, culturally, or politically. The vast majority of blacks are trapped within either the lowly paid blue collar workforce, or are in the growing 'underclass' of the poor. Their world is filled with crime, decaying housing, inadequate social services and a constant fear of unemployment. The small black elite usually lives outside the sprawling ghetto, in the residential neighbourhoods of upper-middle-class whites. While this section of the black population forms part of the basis for the small trend toward political conservatism within minority communities, the black majority is forced to turn toward more radical socio-economic and political solutions. The elite looks to the Democratic Party as part of the solution; the black majority increasingly views it as part of the problem.

It is only in this context that the debate around a black presidential candidacy in 1984 can be understood. Jesse Jackson, the most charismatic black leader on the current scene, is the personification of *both* class positions of the black community, a curious mixture of populist demagogue Huey Long, black nationalist Marcus Garvey and Martin Luther King. Like many black nationalists, Jackson charges that the Democratic Party has been 'taking the black vote for granted and the Republican Party (has been) writing us off. For Democrats, race is increasingly becoming a litmus test and the central threat to the viability of the Party'. Jackson observes that black Democrats 'have won primaries in South Carolina, North Carolina, Mississippi' and other states, but 'significant numbers of white Democratic leaders and voters' are supporting white Republicans over blacks. This racist backlash is also occurring in a climate of severe economic chaos, with 'the rapidly deteriorating conditions within black and poor communities'.

Jackson's black nationalistic rhetoric culminates in a two-pronged 'assault' on the system. First, black consumers must be united to force corporate concessions to the fragile black entrepreneurial class. 'Corporate economic rape', to use Jackson's term, can be curtailed by forcing 'joint trade agreements' between civil rights agencies and big businesses. Typical of Jackson's efforts was the four-year 'covenant' signed between Operation PUSH and the Burger King Corporation, on 18 April, 1983. The food chain (which is worth an estimated $450 million and owns 3,400 restaurants worldwide) promised to increase the number of black employees, upgrade existing minority-owned restaurants and increase significantly the number of black franchises. Using black nationalist bluster, these agreements are actually a 'Black Capitalist' strategy, designed to win the favour of the black elite.

The second and more 'leftist' aspect of Jackson's effort revolves round the concept of a black presidential strategy. Relying upon a bizarre series of mixed metaphors, Jackson asserts that a black candidate within the Democratic party primaries would be able to 'advance the issues of concern to Hispanics, women, the poor and whites who are interested in social justice . . . as well as blacks. A black should run because bargainers without bases are beggars not brokers . . . We cannot ride to freedom on Pharoah's chariot . . . All of Santa's other reindeer have had their chance to pull and lead the sleigh and present their gifts to the American people. Now it may be time for Rudolph, who has consistently pulled more weight, to have his turn . . .'

The issue of a black campaign has split the black community primarily on class lines. The black poor and working class overwhelmingly endorse Jackson's call for a black revolt inside the Democratic Party. Visiting urban ghettos and rural black Southern towns throughout the summer, Jackson attracted thousands of enthusiastic blacks. Despite the presence of NAACP leader, Benjamin Hooks, Coretta Scott King and other black middle-class dignitaries, Jackson emerged as the 'star' of the 27 August march on Washington, as thousands cheered in unison, 'Run, Jesse, Run!' Some black entrepreneurs, who have directly profited from Jackson's corporate covenants, have backed the effort, as have the more liberal and socialist members of the Congressional Black Caucus.

Most black middle-class leaders, however, have expressed outrage, even outright contempt, for the black presidential boom. Bayard Rustin, a founder of the Congress of Racial Equality and the leading black apologist for the AFL-CIO bureaucracy, claims that 'an exclusively black candidacy not only would end in political failure and split the black electorate, it would do harm to the strategy of coalition politics and to the interests of the black community'. National Urban League President John F. Jacobs declares that 'a black presidential candidate would be a retreat to symbolism' amd would 'shatter black expectations'. Coleman Young denounced Jackson by name, stating: 'We cannot afford to support a black candidate who cannot win.' Andrew Young has tried to distance himself from the controversy: 'I talk to Jesse all the time so it's hard for me not to support (him). But I think blacks ought to be in any campaign where the candidate is likely to be elected president.'

No matter what the outcome is of Jackson's effort, it has been the opening stage of a more fundamental shift in black political culture, and in the directions of the civil rights movement as a whole. Working-class and poor blacks are recognising in growing numbers that their 'race leaders' in the NAACP and Urban League do not speak for them. The black elite's tactic of coalescence

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with the centrist policies of the Democratic Party under Carter and, if elected, a Mondale or Glenn, would do nothing to alter the socio-economic crisis within their committees. By 1988 the renewed call for an independent black challenge will, of necessity, include a left social democratic programme – full employment, national health care, massive reductions in military expenditures, increases in public housing – to provide institutional and social support to the black ghetto. If such a black revolt is combined with a coalition of similarly disposed groups within Hispanic and white populations, and in concert with the more left-oriented feminist, peace and environmentalist groups, a major shift in the entire American political terrain may be possible. The next stage of the unfinished civil rights movement may place the question of a kind of uniquely American form of democratic socialism on the national agenda. □

Manning Marable is Professor of Political Sociology at Colgate University, Hamilton, New York, and national Vice Chairman of the Democratic Socialists of America.

WEST GERMANY

Count Otto's problems

Tony Paterson lifts the lid on a bribery and slush fund scandal

Bonn

MARGARET THATCHER called for a return to Victorian values in Britain. Her West German counterpart, Conservative Chancellor Helmut Kohl, promised a 'spiritual and moral renewal' when he was elected last March. Ten months later, with his economics minister charged with accepting thousands of Deutschmarks in bribes, but still in office, it looks as if Kohl may have to eat his words.

Kohl's coalition government is enmeshed in a giant bribery and slush fund affair that the opposition Social Democratic Party has dubbed 'the biggest subsidy scandal in the history of West Germany'. The main protagonist to date in this murky business is Kohl's Free Democratic Party economics minister, the Prussian aristocrat Count Otto Lambsdorff. As a result of a lengthy investigation by state prosecutors in Bonn, he is charged with taking $50,000 worth of bribes for the Free Democrats from the Flick conglomerate, one of West Germany's largest holding companies with the dubious wartime reputation of having bankrolled Hitler.

Lambsdorff and his predecessor Hans Friderichs, who now heads the Dresdner Bank, are accused of taking bribes in return for granting Flick a $175 million tax waiver on the company's reinvestment in the American chemical giant, W. R. Grace and Co, and the US Filter Corporation. The cash resulted from Flick's 1975 sale of its 29 percent share in Daimler Benz. At the time the government ruled that the reinvestment would be of benefit to the West German economy and, therefore, eligible for tax exemption under the law.

In most other West European countries, particularly Britain, charges of this severity would promote the immediate resignation of a minister, but not in West Germany. Lambsdorff, backed by Kohl, stresses that he is innocent of taking bribes and says that he will not resign unless the courts decide to open proceedings against him. Last week Lambsdorff went so far as to say that he was convinced that he would win any court case against him.

Meanwhile there have been a number of curiously coincidental developments since the charges against Lambsdorff were announced in early December. Lambsdorff's Economics Ministry declared a fornight ago that the $175 million tax waiver granted to Flick over the Grace investment was invalid and had to be paid back. As a result of an investigation into the transaction, the Economics Ministry ruled that the reinvestment had not in fact led to the necessary benefits to the West German economy. The Grace reinvestment was supposed to have encouraged close technological cooperation between the two companies, but the Economic Ministry produced the surprise ruling that 'there was no real basis for lasting co-operation in central areas' – between Flick and Grace.

After this bombshell, Lambsdorff went on television to announce that the decision to revoke Flick's tax waiver was 'unconnected' with the bribery charges against him. What Lambsdorff did not answer, however, was why his ministry waited so long – nearly eight years after granting the tax waiver – before deciding to revoke it. As opposition Social Democrat Dieter Spoeri, who is leading a campaign to uncover the truth in the Flick affair, suggested, the decision to revoke the tax waiver must cast some aspertions on the economics minister who originally granted it. The Social Democrats are, therefore, adamant that Lambsdorff take the whole reponsibility for his ministry's misjudgement.

The next step in the affair lies with the courts, which are now examining the mass of evidence, including 23 700-page files confiscated from Flick, to establish whether there are sufficient grounds to proceed against Lambsdorff. A decision is expected by the spring at the latest. The prosecution is known to have as many as 114 witnesses to support its case. If it is fully disclosed, the Flick affair may do unprecedented damage to the image of post-war German government.

For the past two years, the affair has cast doubt on the integrity of literally every party except the anti-nuclear Greens. *Der Spiegel* magazine had mercilessly pursued allegations that politicians – including Kohl and the right-wing Bavarian Prime Minister Franz-Josef Strauss, as well as several Social Democrats – have received Flick cash gifts that have been channelled into party funds. Some of the politicians' embarrassing denials have been published in full, together with details of the contents of a mysterious black briefcase held by Flick's chief accountant Rudolf Diehl, who apparently kept an immaculate record of payments made.

The Flick affair has also caused questions to be asked about Lambsdorff's real motives in helping to bring about the fall of Helmut Schmidt's Social Democrat/Free Democrat coalition government at the end of 1982. Lambsdorff was also Economics Minister under Schmidt and was largely instrumental in persuading the Free Democrats to cross the floor in the West German parliament to join Kohl's Christian Democrats. The move toppled Schmidt's government and brought Kohl's Christian Democrat/Free Democrat coalition to power. One of the chief reasons for the Free Democrat's crossover was Lambsdorff's insistence that the Social Democrats were advocating economic policies that were insufficiently monetarist and therefore failing to provide enough support for big business.

If Lambsdorff is eventually forced to resign, it will come as a further blow to his Free Democratic Party. During the March elections, it managed to get only just over the necessary 5 per cent of the vote to gain parliamentary representation under West German law. Next time round the Free Democrats may not even manage to survive an election. In the short term, Lambsdorff's resignation, if it happens, will add ammunition to Strauss's long-standing claim to a greater say in Kohl's government. Such a development would inevitably take the government further to the right. But in the long term the Flick affair may turn out to boost the standing of the Social Democrats – providing not too many are themselves implicated. □

NIGERIA

Lost faith in ballot box

Suzanne Cronje looks at the price to be paid for the corrupt years

AT THE LAST Independence Day celebration in Lagos, on 1 October 1983, President Shehu Shagari, his colleagues and some of the important visitors wore bulletproof vests beneath their splendid gowns. General Obasanjo, the last military leader (now retired), who had handed over to the civilian Shagari administration four years earlier, was not present; he subsequently said that the last four years had been the worst in the life of the Nigerian Republic.

Shagari and his cabinet colleagues were certainly expecting trouble – not, however

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from the army. What they feared was an uprising of angry citizens, cheated of their democratic rights by the blatantly rigged elections in August; industrial action from unions whose members had in some cases not been paid for over a year; the anger of consumers at soaring commodity prices.

Ordinary Nigerians have been exposed to periodic food shortages. After the New Year coup, soldiers discovered, in one warehouse alone, 500,000 bags of 'Shagari rice' – supposedly imported by government agencies for distribution at subsidised prices. Next to it were 200,000 bags of sugar and large quantities of stockfish and milk. The Nigerian press was told that more than 20 such dumps had been found – 'enough to feed the whole nation for a year'.

Perhaps if Shagari had known about these hoarded goods he would have ordered their release to stave off the crisis. Perhaps he did know about them. His brother-in-law, Minister of Transport Umaru Dikko, had headed the 'Presidential Task Force' on rice which, Dikko was still claiming a few days before the coup, had been successful in reducing consumer prices. In fact, the food was handed over to favoured agents for distribution to be sold for up to five times its value to the public. Dikko is now on the wanted list and has apparently fled to Britain.

There is a widespread impression outside Nigeria that Shagari was about to put an end to the massive corruption which had overtaken every aspect of public life. But, after four years at the head of the government which allowed such corruption to develop, the President cannot claim to be blameless. When he recently deplored the fact that 'corruption, fraud and smuggling are not only being institutionalised but are fast becoming a business pursuit', his statement was described by one Nigerian observer as 'a true confession'. Last month, he set up a Ministry of National Guidance to deal with 'the social malaise besetting the nation's body politic'. But his sincerity in this respect was put in question by the inclusion among his ministerial nominees of men whose reputation had already been tarnished.

This became evident in the Senate hearings, which rejected some of the worst of them. One, who had been dismissed as Chairman of the Federal Public Service Commission by General Murtala Muhammad's military government in 1975, admitted that he had been drawing his salary for a long time afterwards. Another had been found guilty, by a previous military government, of misappropriating public money and declared 'not a fit and proper person to hold public office in future'. The Chairman of the Nigerian External Telecommunications (NET), Ibrahim Tahir, who was confirmed by the Senate Committee and became Minister of Internal Affairs in November, denied during the hearings that NET was involved in fraud allegations totalling the equivalent of £53 million – the figure was only 31 million, he said. The arson which set the NET skyscraper alight in January 1983 (destroying evidence of corruption) was referred to by General Buhari in his first public statement after the coup, as well as similar conflagrations in five other public buildings. The whole of Nigeria was worried by this evidence of fraud, he said.

'IF BUHARI HAD failed, we would have brought down the government ourselves with our bare hands,' one Nigerian said about the coup. Buhari and his colleagues had judged rightly that the administration had no cohesion left after the internecine struggle for political power. The disgust with politicians was so widespread that their overthrow required barely any force. Even after the initial broadcast, few troops appeared on the streets of Lagos and people feared that the coup might have failed in other parts of the country, because of reports that everything was normal in most other centres.

The most surprising aspect of the affair is the lack of accusations of a tribal conspiracy: there is a preponderance of northerners in the new leadership. To some extent, Buhari was lucky – the electoral defeats suffered by the Yorubas, in some instances because of blatant electoral fraud, predisposes them to see Buhari as a liberator. This attitude may not last, but the veteran politicians, particularly Chief Obafemi Awolowo, have already started to lose their political grip. The younger generation of Yoruba leaders might be less clannish, provided their ethnic ambitions are not entirely overridden. Buhari is aware of the importance of this: the most senior army post went to a relatively junior officer, Brigadier Tunde Idiagbon, a Yoruba, who will also be in charge of all the military governors in the 19 states. The Ibos may pose more of a problem: their leader, Dr Nnamdi Azikiwe, is also aged, and a rift in his party over the succession was in full swing when the coup outlawed party politics.

The other threats to the new administration are not tribal, although the establishment in Sokoto – Shagari's home and the seat of the powerful northern aristocracy – can be expected to resent the takeover. The corrupt officials, businessmen and politicians may lie low for the moment, but their combined resentment at the restrictions which will now be imposed on their ruthless pursuit of wealth will sooner or later give rise to a counter-movement, which might be more difficult to suppress. Buhari and his colleagues have already described themselves as an offshoot of the Murtala Muhammad regime which overthrew General Gowon in 1975 and became the only administration that Nigeria has so far experienced which actually tried to root out corruption. Muhammad was murdered after six months in power, which may have endowed him with a halo of rectitude which a longer spell at the top might not have sustained. Buhari and many of his fellow officers in the new administration gained their first experience of government under Muhammad and there is no doubt that they will embark on yet another anti-corruption drive. Examples will be made of some of the worst offenders, while amnesties may be offered to those willing to repatriate their ill-gotten money from the foreign bank accounts where it was illegally transferred. It is said that the total amounts to considerably more than the two billion dollars which Nigeria is trying to borrow from the IMF.

AS A FORMER oil minister, Buhari reorganised the state oil company and became first chairman of the Nigerian National Petroleum Corporation (NNPC). This will be useful in dealing with the latest news – vast quantities of oil have been exported illegally with the connivance of NNPC officials. Buhari has said that he does not intend taking Nigeria out of OPEC, but, to deal with the accumulated debts and to engender foreign exchange for development projects, he will either have to persuade OPEC to increase Nigeria's quota, or have to recommence his previous practice of bartering oil for essential imports. This is against OPEC rules, but it is preferable to the unrecorded and illegal outflow of Nigerian oil.

There will be severe cutbacks in spending, but the saving on administration costs in the 19 state fiefdoms, run by largely corrupt governments, will help. (A partial exception was Kano in the north, where money was spent wisely on rural electrification and other important projects. Kano got the UNESCO prize for adult literacy schemes last year.)

In reorganising the Federal Government, Buhari has established a Ministry for Social Affairs and is determined to improve services now available, by and large, only to the elite. The Nigerian Labour Congress has approved of his programme and the students at Lagos University declared their support for the military. 'We have lost faith in the ballot box as a means of changing government,' their statement says, asserting that only radical and revolutionary moves could serve as instruments of social, economic and political change.

But Buhari, despite his plan of giving the nation 'a better and more purposeful sense of direction', cannot provide it with an ideology. There were signs of popular left-wing movements in two of the political parties which have now been banned, but both ran into trouble during the elections because of the tribal campaigns by most political leaders. What Buhari can do is to create conditions in which political movements do not fall victim to the anarchic free-for-all of unscrupulous tribal millionaires. □

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BRETECHER

SOPHIE

Sophie have you taken your pill?
Sophie... your pill...
Sophie I'm talking to you... oh hello dear
hi Marjorie
Sophie take this at once!
but we're not even screwing, are we dear?
TAKE IT!
hey don't panic... relax!
you're 14 you could be a bit more considerate
good night
'night
SPIT!
my mother fails to understand
because she doesn't want to look after a baby and because it was OK for her she's putting my health at risk by forcing these chemicals down me
it's completely irresponsible
BRETECHER

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LETTERS

Len the unwise

Chris Gravell, Milton Keynes

Perhaps John Lloyd's article (*NS* 30 December) was written after a too-ascetic lunch with Len Murray had provoked mingled guilt and admiration in a journalist more used to lush expense-account pre-Christmas junkets. Whatever the cause, it led to sloppy thinking and, therefore, sloppy writing, which managed to hail Len as a courageous and wise figure, leading 'the movement from the front into mature realisation' of how it has to behave with the present government. According to Lloyd, he may even be seen as 'having achieved a measure of greatness' through this courage and wisdom.

What is John Lloyd thinking of? Has he attended any union meetings where Len's conduct has been so praised? Is he a member of my union, the NUJ, which has just been forced by the Court of Appeal to repudiate members who had been refusing to supply copy to T. Bailey Forman? The consequence of wise Len's courageous stand is that unions and branches without enough muscle of their own can no longer expect the TUC's help – although their members have sacrificed pay for those stupid days of action, and had faith in those Wembley words.

Len's bid for greatness has lost us the chance to defend the basic necessities for the continued existence of unions – the right to organise across employers' boundaries and to act in solidarity to support our weaker members. If the NGA's was 'bad terrain' (Lloyd's words), what will be good? Or must we just accept that our unequal and divisive society, with its new unequal and divisive laws, must be endured?

This begging-bowl approach is neither courageous nor wise. Murray made no attempt to encourage or assess members' support for the current struggle against these laws, and Lloyd is simply stupid to dismiss those 4,500 people who braved the winter's night and police snatch squads at Warrington as a demonstration of the lack of workers' participation. It wasn't workers' participation that was missing, it was the articulation and encouragement of that support by the leadership.

Aid for Eritrea

Roy Pateman, President Workers Educational Association, NSW, Australia

Mike Goldwater's picture of Eritrea (*NS* 30 December) reminded me of my own visit to the northern provinces of Eritrea last year and John Pilger's restrained account should stimulate readers to aid the Eritreans through the ERA.

As far as political pressure is concerned, you might like to know that the Australian Parliament's Joint Committee on Foreign Affairs and Defence recently tabled a report on the provision of development assistance and humanitarian aid to the Horn of Africa. It acknowledged that the Ethiopian government has 'difficulties' in distributing aid to Eritrea and suggests that Australian aid should be channelled through Sudan to ERA. As the Australian government implicitly recognises Ethiopia's claim to Eritrea (although the frontispiece map to the report shows the boundaries of Eritrea as under British administration!) it suggests that aid – including government aid – be channelled through voluntary agencies which have a close association with the Eritrean Relief Association and not the Ethiopian Government.

While in opposition, the Australian Labor Party called for self-determination for Eritrea and for withdrawal of all foreign troops. It comes as no surprise that, once in office, the party does not pursue this policy. A strong statement of support for Eritrea from the new British Labour Party leadership could help those of us in the Australian Left who are trying to retain some of the ALP's conference decisions, but, more importantly, give encouragement to the Eritreans who have been fighting so courageously for the past 22 years.

New weapons, old lessons

Dr D. Wimborne, Withington Constituency Labour Party, Manchester

If Jan Kavan (*NS* 6 January) is correct, Charter 77 is making the error of being unpatriotic in its stand on the deployment of SS20s in Czechoslovakia. The Czechoslovak government has repeatedly argued in the UN for various measures of nuclear disarmament in Central Europe, including establishment of a Nuclear-Free Zone. Now that Pershing IIs are being stationed in Federal Germany (although there were no SS20s in Czechoslovakia or the German Democratic Republic) the acceptance of some SS20s by Czechoslovakia appears absolutely necessary. Jan Kavan and Charter 77 appear to have forgotten the lessons of 1938-'39.

School's out

Graham Lane, General Secretary, Socialist Educational Association

I agree with Rick Rogers's article on the end of the sixth form (*NS* 6 January). He is unfortunately correct when he says that the Labour Party has ducked the issue of reorganising education for 16 to 19-year-olds. Labour Party Conference, however, has not – a 1981 resolution from the National Organisation of Labour Students talked about '16-19 education being in tertiary colleges where possible' – and we at SEA have published a document, also in 1981, entitled *The VI Form is Dead*, and are about to publish another on how LEAs should go tertiary.

Many Labour councillors, however, have been frightened by NUT opposition to extending comprehensive education post-16. What they fail to realise is that sixth forms are preventing the *rest* of our schools from developing as comprehensives, and are the cause of so few people receiving education after the age of 16. We had to fight every inch of the way to remove grammar schools; the same battles are being waged over sixth forms. People who defend sixth forms are opposed to comprehensive education.

Surprises at *Sunday Times*?

William Lamont, Newhaven, Sussex

I was intrigued by your item '*Sunday Times* editor plays politics' (*NS* 6 January). On 26 October, the *Guardian* printed a letter by me in which I referred to the *Sunday Times* as 'now a straightforwardly Tory paper'. The reason was an editorial 'Sunset for CND' – about as convincing a sunset as Hitchcock ever contrived. That same day, Andrew Neil wrote to my home address to deny such a hunch; henceforth, the views of the *Sunday Times* will be 'both surprising and strongly stated'. The surprise would be if the promised strength of statement were at variance with his proprietor's views.

Power points . . .

Jan Abrams, Stockport, Cheshire

It seems to me that Beatrix Campbell (*NS* 16/23 December) and Leslie Moody (Letters 6 January) have, between them, demonstrated the importance of Orwell's ideas admirably. Campbell, from the New Left, criticises Orwell for being unable to conceive of a Socialism untainted by State power. Moody, Stalinist diehard I presume (what other flavour of political fruitcake would describe *Animal Farm* as 'obscene'?), who does not appear to have read Campbell's article any more carefully than Campbell has read Orwell's books, accuses Orwell of 'recoiling in horror' from power politics.

The fact is that Orwell saw and said that socialists must control and use State power. His warning was that, without clarity of thought, self-critical honesty and a wholehearted commitment to democratic freedoms, use of power can too easily slide into abuse.

. . . and dustbins

John Bradbrook, London N1

So Leslie Moody invites socialists in 1984 to 'consign Orwell to the dustbin of history' (Letters 6 January). The choice of the phrase 'dustbin of history' was perhaps unfortunate. It was first used by Leon Trotsky to describe the destination of the Mensheviks and other socialist opponents of Communist Party rule in the Soviet Union in the early 1920s.

It is not without irony that Trotsky was himself dispatched into the historical dustbin in 1940, by means of an icepick delivered by his former comrades of the CPSU. It was definitely a case of getting a taste of your own medicine. The responsibility for this incident and for the many other political murders carried out by the 'fatherland of the workers' cannot all be laid on the warped personality of Joseph Stalin. No more than can everything that happened in Germany from 1933 to 1945 be laid at the door of that other well known twentieth century Dustbinman of History. As Karl Marx might have said: 'When the dustbin of history is full, who shall dispose of the disposers?'

To return to Orwell, if it is true that he has sometimes provided political ammunition, as it were, to the Right, it is only because the Left has provided the targets all too often. The Left has generally been prepared to excuse violence, persecution, brutality and lies when committed by its 'own side'. There has been too much authoritarian worship of power for its own sake, as well as crass intolerance towards anyone who takes a different view. If George Orwell has a message for us today it is that no good end is going to come out of evil or dishonest means. It is also, surely, that we need to be self-critical and aware of the limits of politics.

Correction

In Rick Rogers's article last week on sixth forms, the sentence on Lancashire tertiary colleges should have read: 'Lancashire colleges are now recording better A-level results and Oxbridge entrance than local grammar schools'.

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Godfrey Hodgson

Spooking in the dark

Wild Bill Donovan: The Last Hero
ANTHONY CAVE BROWN *Michael Joseph*
£16.95

The Shadow Warriors: OSS and the Origins of the CIA
BRADLEY F. SMITH *Deutsch* £18.95

The nickname gives the wrong impression. Bill Donovan won it fairly enough. It was given to him by one of the soldiers in the regiment he commanded in France in 1917-18, New York's 69th, the 'Fighting Micks', and by every testimony Donovan's courage as a fighting soldier was dauntless; he was the bravest of the brave. When he became America's first spymaster in chief in the Second World War, there was a restless quality about his dynamism, an utter impatience with routine combined with an appetite for bureaucratic conflict.

At the age of 59, when he was already head of the Office of Strategic Services, the American equivalent of the Secret Intelligence Service, he was dared by a disgruntled subordinate. His response was in the tradition of Sir Richard Hannay or the Scarlet Pimpernel.

> 'Sir,' asked the angry colonel, 'would you like to go behind the Japanese lines and find out for yourself?'
>
> Donovan smiles as if he were accepting a friend's invitation to go for a drive through the Virginian countryside.
>
> 'When do we leave?'
>
> 'First thing in the morning, sir!'

But wild he wasn't. He was one of the first generation of Irishmen to feel completely assimilated in the United States. Symbolically, he was a Republican; most Irishmen stayed loyal to the Democrats. Grandson of a Fenian immigrant to the Buffalo shantytowns in the days of 'NINA' – No Irish Need Apply – Bill Donovan turned into a conservative, Anglophile recruit to the American upper class. He married into the stiffest clan of the Protestant ascendancy that ruled western New York State. He became a rich and successful corporation lawyer, at home with New York bankers, British officers and German industrialists. He even came within a whisker of being chosen as Republican candidate for Vice-president in 1928 as Herbert Hoover's running-mate. What a different life story that would have made!

The British connection was an essential part of Donovan's career. Indeed one of Brown's most intriguing suggestions, supported by suggestive but hardly conclusive evidence, is that Donovan was actually trained and employed as a British agent before the United States entered the war in 1917. (Shades of John Scantlebury Blenkiron, the Yank at Queen Anne's Gate in Buchan's Hannay novels!) Certainly Donovan was instantly trusted and given not just clearance but real confidence when he appeared in London as a special presidential agent to learn the secrets of British intelligence on the eve of the second war. And until late in World War II, when the massive tide of American resources finally caught up with British secret services, Donovan and the OSS were heavily dependent on the British, not only for know-how, training, special equipment and raw information, but even for aircraft to drop agents and supplies.

Along with Donovan's courage and energy, in short, there went political flair and a certain smoothness. He needed both to accomplish his life work: the creation of the Office of Strategic Services. After being closed down by its numerous enemies in the Washington bureaucratic jungle in 1945, after its protector Franklin D. Roosevelt had been replaced by Harry Truman, the OSS was reborn two years later in 1947 as the Central Intelligence Agency.

The descent from OSS to CIA bred true in spite of that two-year gap. The CIA took from Donovan's organisation many key people, including four future Directors of Central Intelligence, Allen Dulles, Richard Helms, William Colby and William Casey, the present incumbent, not to mention such other stars as the legendary counter-espionage chief, James Jesus Angleton. It also inherited a certain tradition of what passed for liberalism: OSS was systematically hostile to British and French imperialism, and the same tradition lingered in the CIA, though there was never any great alacrity to see parallels between the old empires and the pattern of American relations with the Third World. Both OSS (known in Washington as 'Oh So Social!') and CIA were also, at the core, elite institutions, largely staffed by upper-class recruits from Wall Street, from the Ivy League universities and from adventurers with private means. CIA, it has also to be said, inherited from OSS a startling propensity for cock-ups.

Most important, it inherited from OSS the belief that the winning of modern wars and the management of modern peace demanded the stealthy use of violence, dignified with a whole dictionary of euphemisms, such as 'special operations', 'special means', 'shadow warfare', and later, sinisterly, 'plans'.

'Wild' Bill Donovan: America's first spymaster

Popperfoto

BOTH ANTHONY Cave Brown and Professor Bradley Smith make it plain that all these characteristics of the American intelligence community derived originally from the British model. Their attitude to this British connection, however, is very different.

Anthony Cave Brown is a former Fleet Street foreign correspondent who has long been fascinated by the war in the shadows. Twenty years ago, when I was a Washington correspondent, he called me cold from California to offer, in return for suitably ample expenses, to proceed to the Bering Strait, and let me in on the way the CIA and the KGB were using polar bears armed with shortwave radio transmitters to spy on one another in the Diomede islands. Since then, it seems, Brown's interest has sobered and greatly prospered. He has published a massive and somewhat controversial account of

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the effect of intelligence, and especially of the British 'ultra' code-breaking capability, on the outcome of the Normandy campaign.

He clearly enjoys a degree of access to the Washington intelligence community, and his book, while not downright propaganda or disinformation, is starry-eyed and hagiographical about its central figure. 'Many of his associates', he says, 'would regard him as the greatest living American of his time', and adds, tossing away the wisp of gauze, 'this was substantially correct'. He numbers Donovan among the 'wizards, good and bad', from Dzerzinsky and Guderian, Hitler and Stalin, Churchill and Roosevelt to Rommel and Mao, who 'shaped the theory of warfare'. It is a large claim, and a naive one, and on both accounts a fitting opening to a large and naive book.

Bradley Smith, who teaches history at a small college in California, is the author of a distinguished history of the Nuremberg trials, and his book about OSS and 'the origins of the CIA' is more scholarly, more sophisticated, more concise and more original than Cave Brown's. Its thesis is ingenious. It is that both British and American intelligence were lastingly marked by a misapprehension about the effectiveness of 'the Fifth Column'.

Smith shows with convincing quotation how French, British and American military experts alike, mesmerised by the triumphs of the *Wehrmacht*, attributed them to the wizardry of the German Fifth Column. In fact there never was a German Fifth Column organisation. But the British, with the Special Operations Executive (SOE) and then the Americans imitated the one there never was. That, Smith argues, was the origin of the CIA delusion that wars can be won cheaply (and nastily) by secret warriors. He quotes a high CIA official as saying as long ago as the Bay of Pigs fiasco in 1961, 'it should have been obvious that secret shenanigans couldn't do what armies are supposed to do'.

The gentleman spooks of SIS and SOE, on this interpretation, besides their own sins of omission and commission, have a long tally of American crimes and mistakes to answer for as well. It is an intriguing thesis, but I think Bradley Smith, for all his learning and his intelligence, rides it too hard. For one thing, I know of nothing in American history that would suggest Americans at war have ever needed instruction from Britons to hit below the belt if they got the chance. For another, Cave Brown's voluminous and fair-minded narrative shows that while OSS experienced a string of intelligence disasters – one operation after another in the Balkans betrayed and rolled up, for example – it proved modestly effective at special operations, especially in close support of regular units.

A more persuasive indictment of OSS and CIA, I believe, could be built up from Anthony Cave Brown's admiring chronicle, Bradley Smith's sceptical monograph, and the rest of the literature. It would be that OSS and CIA have failed, not because they were too enthralled by the magic of dirty tricks (though that has been an obsession for many in the American intelligence community); but because of an apparently chronic dyslexia in reading the politics of the rest of the world. Political intelligence, after all, is a more important and a more dangerous business than small-scale secret warfare. If a third world war comes, it will not be because preppies with blackened faces are swanning around the Cuban coast in inflatable rubber dinghies, but because for all their satellite pictures and their telecommunications intercepts, people in Langley, like people in Moscow, don't understand how the other side sees the world. □

POETRY
John Lucas

Sight lines

Short Wave
GEORGE SZIRTES *Secker* £4
Nights in the Iron Hotel
MICHAEL HOFMANN *Faber* £4
Selected Poems
FLEUR ADCOCK *Oxford* £7.95

There is more than a trace of Geoffrey Grigson in the manner of George Szirtes' relish for the observable world. Describing a bullfinch perched on a lilac flower, he says that the bird's weight 'bothered the lilac, she bent/a little, her small tent/of pleasure collapsing/inward with the swaying'. Although those lines could never be mistaken for Grigson, the weighting and positioning of rhyme and phrase owe something to his example. In **Short Wave,** notation becomes poetry: 'Tired, you slumped into the chair/and shade and water burned a stain/across the colour of your coat.' That comes from a poem called 'Against Dullness', whose sentiment Grigson would certainly echo. But the lines also make plain Szirtes' very individual gifts. Yes, he takes a painter's delight in registering surfaces, but even when he is at his most 'visual' there is about his work a sense of imagined, guessed-at worlds, which is radically different from Grigson's delimited precisions.

'Morning in the Square' begins with a perception that has you muttering about De Chirico:

> The square is empty in the early sunlight.
> What is it waiting for? It seems to lack
> animation – a delivery van
> turns the corner like the shadow of a
> bird in flight.

Yet by the time it comes to an end, two stanzas later, in awareness of day's arriving 'with a shiver down the narrow side streets', we have been brought into a world that is Szirtes' own. It is an intensely animate world. Many of his poems start from, and are about, lives which cross his sight path and which, as they do, seem to flicker with meaning that hints at withheld significance. Such lives, such meanings, cannot be reduced to order, to a fixed design. Szirtes is hostile to the chill perfection of still life. In a lovely little poem, 'A Girl Sewing', which might almost serve as his credo, he lets go of his right to those aesthetic discriminations that hold the transitory in a kind of verbal amber: 'Whole days like this can eat away a life,/leave tiny bones, half powder and half shadow,/freeze the creases of a finished garment/or find perfection in imagined girls.'

The neatly judged cadences of those lines show that Szirtes' imagination is not of the aggressive kind which insists on finding a poem in everything. He is altogether more diffident, and thus receptive. Accordingly, his best poems are a tactful negotiation between experience and words. He uses a variety of stanza forms and rhyme patterns but not, I think, out of wilful experimentation. It is more that he wants to honour the particularity of what the eye and the mind register, and the result is that *Short Wave* is a truly original volume of poems. It is witty but in no superficial sense; for the wit is directed by, indeed *is*, an angled vision that is at once strange and compelling, so that once we have read a Szirtes poem we are likely to say, 'Oh yes, I *see*.'

That is true of 'Captain Haddock', of 'Sea Horse', 'Skeleton Crow', 'The Claude Glass' and, above all, the title poem. And although Szirtes' ear sometimes lets him down – there is never a chance that the ten syllables of 'And we are shaken by the light in the street' will become the five-stress line he requires, and he should not have let through so clumsy a line as 'The bird cannot exactly be said to be dead' – it would be wrong to make much of these lapses. *Short Wave* is easily the most enjoyable new volume of poems I have read this year.

Michael Hofmann's tone is predominantly brackish and ironic. His poems seem at first glance as though they are no more than random collections of data, but you soon begin to see how lines fuse together, or work off each other, to produce the kind of poem that relies very much on its style of utterance: clipped, enigmatic, yet potentially disturbing. The problem with such a way of writing is that it sometimes requires a last line to carry more weight than it can possibly bear. For example 'The Nomad, My Father' provides a neatly mordant commentary on the super-salesman, 'Fused with your car, a modern centaur', who has 'sulky children, long-haired and murderous' (a rebellious Sixties echo of 'Tartar hordes'); but it comes to rest with:

> . . . a bureaucratic inquiry
> to determine where you should be registered.
> What was the centre of your life-interest?
>
> You said your family; your family said your work.

I do not see that the last line deserves or repays the attention its typographic isolation gives it.

What is most impressive about **Nights in the Iron Hotel** is Hofmann's ability to write a taut, unrhymed and mostly unmetred verse, which rarely goes limp or ragged at the edges. When it does, however, the result

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is very prosy indeed. Not much can be offered by way of excuse for the following lines: 'Sometimes he even admitted that they had failed to match the impression of his very first visit to their arterial river – in their parents' time, a generation ago' ('Migrations of an Older Romantic'). Well, no, that isn't the way the lines appear in the book, but who could guess where the line-breaks occur? On the other hand, when Hofmann succeeds making the line-breaks work for him, as in 'Pavement Artistes', the result is a steady build up of perceptions which reinforce and intensify each other to extraordinary effect:

> His women are birds of paradise, cocottes:
> stiletto-heeled, smoking, dressed to kill.
> They wear veils to cage the savagery
> of their features. Like the motherly pelican
> they are plucked bare – except their hats,
> which are feathered and tipped like arrows.
> They live together on a green traffic island . . .

'This is my laconic style,' Fleur Adcock says to a dead lover in the less-than-laconic 'Poem Ended by Death'. Most of her best poems preserve a decorum in the face of death, disease, pain. So do most of her worst. Reading through her **Selected Poems** you realise that the dividing line between containment and contentment is narrower than at first seems possible. She is a shapely poet, but the shapes often seem pre-determined; it is as though the experiences she sets out to record come pre-packed, neatly ordered, consigned to the reader in exact measure. Even the tough-tender 'Soho Hospital for Woman' can turn from pitiless exactness to the statement that a first death from cancer 'is not for me to speak of'. Then why mention it? But running through her work is a wit that hones itself, coolly and deliberately, on rebarbative material. When this is successful, the result is a poem of unique value, and such poems occur with increased frequency as the volume goes on. The last 20 pages include her best work so far. □

RUSSIA
Olga Semenova

Our own correspondents

Life in Russia
MICHAEL BINYON
Hamish Hamilton £9.95
Andropov in Power
JONATHAN STEELE and ERIC ABRAHAM
Martin Robertson £9.95

Almost every correspondent writes a book on leaving Moscow. It is profitable, fashionable and they get time off to do it. The Americans started this. Hedrick Smith of the *New York Times*, Robert Kaiser of the *Washington Post* and, most recently, Robert Shipler, have all produced best-sellers. Now the British are following suit. Books by Michael Binyon of *The Times* and Jonathan Steele of the *Guardian* have recently been published; David Satter erstwhile of the *FT* is said to be writing one too. Most of these works are collections of anecdotes. They are full of fascinating scraps of information. But these bits are rarely pulled together into a whole. The result is a vivid, but superficial picture of Soviet life.

Michael Binyon's **Life in Russia** ought to be one of the better books of this type. *The Times* trained him up in Russian from scratch and sent him to Moscow for four-and-a-half years. They regard him as one of their great successes. He knows a good deal about the Soviet Union and has packed a large number of worthy facts into his 300 pages. But too many of his anecdotes have been borrowed from the letters pages of Soviet newspapers; too few obtained by going out and getting drunk with Russians himself. His book lacks the freshness and sparkle that gives similar works by other journalists their value.

Jonathan Steele and Eric Abraham's **Andropov in Power** is an attempt by journalists at more serious analysis. It claims to be 'the first full account of Andropov's wide-ranging career'. It isn't the first (Roy Medvedev got in earlier) and it isn't full (impossible, given the lack of source material). What it is, is an excellent short history of the events in which Andropov has been involved – from the Russo-Finnish war of 1939-40, through the Hungarian revolution of 1956 and his headship of the KGB, to his accession to power in 1982 and the policies he has pursued since. It contains some interesting facts about Andropov – such as his near disgrace for concealing corruption in 1950. But no clear picture emerges of Andropov himself. This is partly due to the lack of information about the private lives and personalities of Soviet leaders. It is also perhaps because Andropov is not a very interesting person. He comes across as cold, correct and colourless, a man who is clever enough to recognise the need for change, but who, too cautious to implement it, falls back on police measures instead. His four-month 'cold' now makes it certain that he will not become 'the most formidable Kremlin leader for 30 years', as *Andropov in Power* predicts. The reforms so urgently needed in the Soviet system will not be introduced under his leadership.

Andropov's rule will be remembered as a transition period, from Brezhnev to someone younger and stronger – Romanov, Gorbachev? Romanov might be the best choice. He is corrupt and authoritarian, but, as Leningrad Party boss, he transformed the industrial structure of the city, created new links between industry and science, developed a flourishing new school of sociology (which he used for political purposes) and established an iron control over every aspect of its life, which he has preserved since his departure to Moscow (not even the central heating could be repaired without his permission). Romanov is not likeable, but he is sophisticated and definitely formidable. □

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The New Pelican Guide to English Literature Volume 8: The Present

ed. BORIS FORD *Pelican* £3.50

The present is where a series like *The New Pelican Guide to English Literature* might be expected to run into trouble. The authors of the individual essays are largely on their own: very often there is no consensus, no critical literature, no established reputation, a wide variety of styles and themes. Nor is it always very helpful or productive when strong personal feelings come into play.

On the whole, though, Boris Ford and his contributors don't make a bad fist of it. The introductory, general and synoptic essays by Krishan Kumar and John Holloway are particularly interesting: the fact that taxation for the arts stands at £2 per head in Britain, and £25 in West Germany, or that in 1965 'Britain's book exports were 0.8 per cent of total exports, the highest figure for any country', while translations lagged at about a quarter of the world average – circumstances that pair confidence with loss of touch, and that show a cultural drain. Professor Holloway's brisk stroll through postwar writing turns up many half-forgotten or half-remembered names – Nigel Dennis, B. S. Johnson, Leslie Paul, William Cooper – in a way that makes one want to read their books: a prime aim of this series. However neither of these two essays quite wants to realise the implications of their casual pessimism. That is left to Per Gedin, whose cheerful essay 'The Book Market' points to the irresistible relegation of 'quality' literature to the margins of society.

The essays on individual writers are a mixed bunch. Through some there howls the noise of axes being ground: whether it is S. W. Dawson demolishing Iris Murdoch, or Michael Kirkham putting up a wooden monument to Charles Tomlinson. Tomlinson's own essay, 'Some Aspects of Poetry Since the War' is mischievously and predictably circumscribed: Pound, Davie, Roy Fisher, translations, an attack on insularity. The editor seems not always able to distinguish between a genuine cross-reference and long-distance back-scratching. The *Guide* seems happiest in the Fifties and Sixties, and in peripheral areas: Joyce Cary and David Storey both come in for praise, and Michael Tanner provides a stylish and witty lament for Wittgenstein in his 'English Philosophy Since 1945'. Overall, the book is reasonably up-to-date, with mentions for Salman Rushdie, Alan Bleasdale, Andrea Dunbar. It is disappointing that there is no one prepared to indulge in a little prophecy, and spot some inchoate trends and movements. Or must we wait for that for *The New Pelican Guide to English Literature Volume n: The Future?*

Michael Hofmann

Hensley Henson: A Study in the Friction between Church and State

OWEN CHADWICK *Oxford* £18.50

In retirement Herbert Hensley Henson, Bishop of Durham from 1920 to 1938, decided to write an autobiography. The Archbishop of Canterbury begged him to 'keep under due restraint your great gifts of trenchant and caustic criticism, and not indulge too freely in the very natural pleasure it must give you to exercise those gifts'.

Henson's invective was reckless, even when his cause was right. When many other distinguished leaders were prevaricating, Henson condemned Hitler and Mussolini and was publicly protesting against the persecution of the Jews as early as 7 May 1933.

He could also be ridiculously wrong. 'I cannot endure the possibility of the Crown patronage in the hands of a Labour prime minister', he noted in 1927. As Owen Chadwick observes in this book, 'the next Socialist prime minister after Ramsay MacDonald would be an Anglican who exercised the patronage of the Crown with as conscientious a sense of responsibility as any prime minister of the twentieth century'.

Owen Chadwick has made fascinating discoveries about Henson's lower middle-class childhood, the father whom he hated and the German stepmother whose existence he tried to conceal. This often witty book beautifully sets into their historical context Henson's often unpopular views on such matters as disestablishment, divorce law reform and the Durham miners. At the end it is hard to know whether or not to like Henson, but he stands out head and shoulders above nearly all the other bishops of the century – most of whom he regarded as at the very least muddleheaded.

James Bentley

Equality and Discrimination Under International Law

WARWICK McKEAN *Oxford* £30

Like most law books, this is expensive. Probably beyond the pockets of most students, it doesn't have the look of a standard textbook – which may deter librarians. This is a new field of law whose territory has yet to be defined and it broadly overlaps with human rights. The author traces the development of relevant legal principles through treaties and conventions since 1919. He sheds useful light on the attitudes of participating national govenments to the use of particular words and phrases. The ILO and the EEC figure prominently. He raises interesting issues – the shift of international concern from the protection of selected minorities under the League of Nations to the establishment of universal rights after 1945; the change in the legal definition of 'discrimination' as it acquired pejorative overtones; the conflict between versions of equality which forbid and which allow reverse discrimination.

McKean does not deal, except in passing, with the municipal adoption by nation-states of international norms. The reader looks largely in vain for case-law to lighten the load of ringing declarations of principle. He covers familiar areas like racial and sexual discrimination at schools and places of work alongside great moral issues like slavery, genocide and apartheid, but the strongest objection to genocide is not that it offends against egalitarian principles, and slavery is a denial of equal rights to individuals who may or may not have been discriminated against as members of a similar (ethnic) group. The world community has so far failed to pay due attention to socio-economic discrimination, unrelated to race or sex, as the book reveals by omission. It includes a valuable analysis of 'equality' and its different meanings, which socialists would do well to consider. Despite its flaws, this is a stimulating introduction to a complicated subject.

Robert Silver

Powys to Knight

JOHN COWPER POWYS (ed. ROBERT BLACKMORE)

Powys to Eric the Red

JOHN COWPER POWYS (ed. CEDRIC HENTSCHEL)

Cecil Woolf £8.50 each

Of the 40,000-plus letters John Cowper Powys produced during 90 years of life, 50 were to his leading academic champion, G Wilson Knight, who nominated him for the Nobel Prize in 1959, 29 to Sven-Erik Täckmark (Eric the Red), a Swedish devotee who has since translated some of his novels. The small number of letters – spread over 25 years in Knight's case, almost 20 in Täckmark's – demonstrates that no intimate friendship was involved (Powys met Knight just four times, Täckmark once); nevertheless, these volumes reproduce their every word.

Robert Blackmore ranks Powys' letters alongside his major works and believes that those written after 1934 – when Powys' *Autobiography* appeared – supply a full record of his final 30 years. On this evidence, admittedly slight, Blackmore is wholly mistaken. Aside from several testimonials, addressed to Knight, to the benefits of masturbation – these Blackmore considers *very* daring – the letters add little to what is known of Powys from his autobiography, itself a model of reticence. But there is also a scarcity of things Powys might have been expected to provide: reflections on works-in-progress, comments on events in the wider world. Instead, his letters to Knight mainly comprise a duet of long-distance backslapping – Knight publishes a laudatory review of Powys' new book, Powys acclaims Knight's marvellous perceptivity – those to Täckmark inconsequential chatter interspersed with praise for the Swede's mastery of English.

Further volumes of Powy's correspondence are in preparation. Publisher – spare those trees!

David Montrose

52%: Getting Women's Power into Politics

BARBARA ROGERS *Women's Press* £4.50

The title of this book is somewhat misleading. I had half expected an explanation of how to enter Parliament; in fact, Barbara Rogers takes a much looser and wider look at women's rights than that, exploring different areas of public and private life, from jobs to welfare, from education to the law, to show how women are discriminated against and cheated. Much of this is old ground.

But what Barbara Rogers does quite effectively is to shed some new light on historical battles. In the fuss over the 1980 Employment Act, for example, when Thatcher was accused of virulent union-bashing, the attacks by the Act on maternity rights, part-time working and proposed improvements in low pay – all vital areas for women in particular – were virtually ignored. And, in the community struggle against increased traffic and disruptive new road systems, few people have emphasised, as she does, that most car owners are men, while the ones who struggle with bags and pushchairs to cross the busy, dangerous highways are predominantly female. While the government chips in with an annual £1,500-million subsidy on company cars, 17 deaths from road accidents are recorded daily. We need stricter traffic laws, says the author, and a greater government subsidy for public rather than private transport.

In her look at more radical areas of sexual politics, such as prostitution, rape and assault, Barbara Rogers' analysis is clear, but she offers nothing really new and the resource lists after each chapter are too sparse for comfort.

The book ends with a chapter on the vote, urging women to infiltrate the parliamentary system rather than work autonomously outside it. Her perspective is one shared by many feminists in the '80s. It is a difficult and painful option, and one which informs the whole book. I would have preferred a deeper analysis of the contradictions involved in this, rather than this somewhat superficial mix of handbook and political tract.

Barney Bardsley

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LITERATURE
Rupert Christiansen

Dowser

Collected Essays Vol. 1. The Englishness of the English Novel
Q. D. LEAVIS *Cambridge* £25 & £8.95

Queenie Leavis was neither an easy woman nor a facile critic. Being taught by her was always intimidating, for she turned the full force of her intensity on her pupils, examining their personal history, moulding their tastes, generously sponsoring their approved ambitions. No one else at Cambridge paid you that degree of attention or expected so much of you; no one else was that decisive in attitude. Something of this ingrown ruthlessness and disdain for sloppy pluralism and 'misplaced humanitarianism' is evident in this first instalment of a projected three-volume series of her essays, where Emma Woodhouse's father is written off as 'an exasperating clog on his daughter, and his conversation is drivel', while Anne Brontë is 'insignificant: she was not gifted'.

As this book reveals even more cogently, her aesthetics were as definite as everything else about her. Art should be organised, rational and lucid (the influence of her thesis supervisor I. A. Richards comes through here), based in the artist's mastery of personal experience and bearing 'a profound sense of obligation to humanity'. She disliked the wanton comic invention and fantasy of *Tristam Shandy* and *Ulysses* as much as the overt schematicism which pervaded '*The Magic Mountain, Jude the Obscure,* or *The Custom of the Country*' – a characteristically odd list. Her politics were of a piece. She vigorously defended the image of the 'organic community', with its traditions of craft and self-help, against the depredations of bureaucracy and technology, in 'a country of high-rise flat-dwellers, office workers and factory robots and unassimilated multi-racial minorities, with a suburbanised countryside, factory-farming, sexual emancipation without responsibility, rising crime and violence, and the Trade Union mentality'.

The criticism of fiction was her life's work, and it is now generally accepted that her part in her husband's more celebrated work in this sphere was formative at every stage. Her doctoral thesis *Fiction and the Reading Public,* published in 1932, was a seminal work, both for her ideology and that of the *Scrutiny* school, but she saw herself as 'a dowser rather than a navvy', and subsequently avoided sustained research of a conventional scholarly kind. What she concentrated on instead was the implementation of contemporary sociological techniques in literary criticism. *Fiction and the Reading Public* was without precedent in its use of statistics and the models of American sociologists such as Veblen and the Lynds. That the book's conclusions about the steady decline in the literary sensibility of the masses now look absurd cannot detract from its importance.

Over the next 40-odd years she developed a truly materialist and practical criticism, in which historical and cultural fact replaced notions of 'genius' and 'inspiration'. An essay like 'Jane Austen in a changing society', for example, is an illuminating discussion of the various structures of domestic life her novels reflect, from the early Georgian austerity of the cold and carpetless Mansfield Park to the lax Regency style advocated by Repton, in which high-backed chairs and the family circle were replaced by sofas and small tables (the Musgroves' house in *Persuasion*). Similarly, *Wuthering Heights* is valued not for its violence, mysticism and sexual hysterics, but as an imaginative study of the realities of Yorkshire farm life at the beginning of the 19th century.

In this latter essay, another of Mrs Leavis's critical habits is salient. She is very ready to speculate on a novel's archaeology, to see it as a conflation of versions and to judge one stratum as more 'mature' than another: thus the creation of Heathcliff is demoted here to the realms of Byronic cliché left over from the juvenile *Gondal* sagas, and emphasis is moved to the adult subtlety with which 'folk' characters like Joseph and Zillah are presented. The most elaborate and contentious instance of this approach is the long essay on Jane Austen, which builds on R. W. Chapman's 'navvy' scholarship to propose that her novels were the result of a continual process of revision and grafting over as much as 20 years. This sense of a great novelist working in full, meticulous consciousness rather than out of spasmodic 'irresponsible' intuitions was fundamental to Mrs Leavis's critical principles.

All this assurance in her aims and methods has led to the common feeling that she was narrow in her literary sympathies. This is understandable, inasmuch as she could be defiantly dismissive of what she would describe as 'railway bookstall fictions' or 'women's magazine fodder for the half-educated'. But there was, however, a real breadth of taste as well. The title essay, 'The Englishness of the English Novel' looks as though it will be an embarrassing bit of flag-waving – and in places it is – but once past the familiar snipes at Greene, Waugh and Amis, it also shows a thoroughly uninsular and discriminating admiration for modern Russian writing, for Carlo Levi, Camus and Karen Blixen. Subsequent volumes in this series will include essays on other of her enthusiasms, such as Hans Christian Andersen, English feminist fiction, the Anglo-Irish tradition, and the classic American novel.

The ferocity with which she makes her rejections is unpleasant and unnecessary, but there was a compensating amount of neglected writing that she brought into circulation; and if her opinions often reached the limit of obduracy and obstinacy, there is a strength of conviction that brought her there, and which gives all her criticism its remarkable and challenging power. □

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
Nigella Lawson

Personal charm

At the Jazz-Band Ball: A Memory of the 1950s
PHILIP OAKES *Deutsch* £8.95

At the end of his last volume of autobiography, Philip Oakes was, in the words of David Benedictus, 'strapped to the railway track while a huge engine called "The Real World" thundered down on him'; the adolescent Oakes had been forcibly thrust into adulthood on learning that he, aged fifteen and fatherless himself, was to be a father. This, his third volume, is a continuation of the sentimental (and otherwise) education of young Oakes.

Gratefully unimpeded by paternal responsibilities, he throws himself lustily into a series of affairs in quest of carnal knowledge – we have to wait for the last few pages for True Love. Under the tutelage of the Dickensian Eric Sly, and on a salary of £3.10s a week, he embarks on a journalistic career as a trainee court reporter. His National Service days are spent in Cairo, where he has a rip-roaring – one might almost say gung-ho – time; although his army career begins inauspiciously when he presents his Sergeant with a reference testifying that he has 'character, self-reliance and that element of personal charm which is of value to a journalist'. 'Come in handy, that will', replies the sergeant. 'Nothing like personal charm in the face of the enemy.' But, as he is reminded, the war is over; if the book isn't quite as frenziedly hilarious as the title suggests, it isn't all grim either.

Much of the decade, for Oakes, is spent talking, learning and painfully deliberating about writing – all this set against a Melly-tainted love affair with Jazz – while his own journalistic career is advanced alongside some Great Names To Be: Alan Brien and a fresh-faced, well-scrubbed Bernard Levin (obsessed, even then, with Wagner). Oakes admires young Levin's agility of mind, particularly his ability to sub-edit copy while speculating on the ingredients of a mayonnaise. Levin's blanket imperturbability is ruffled only when Brien informs him that his habit of rolling strips of paper into pellets signifies, 'as everyone knows', anal eroticism. One wonders whether he has now managed to kick the habit.

As in his earlier volumes, it is the quiet, understated perceptiveness which marks Philip Oakes's prose. His honesty about himself allows him to reveal, without embarrassment, his intolerance of his invalid mother. It seems unjust that he has been so suspiciously overpraised for his apparently dazzling powers of almost total recall when this is surely eclipsed by his sturdy and cool ability to weave experiences into systematic relations: a memory indeed. □

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FICTION
Harriett Gilbert

Emblematic

We Love Glenda So Much
JULIO CORTAZAR *Harvill Press* £6.95
Grounds
PAULINE HALL *Brandon* £7.95 & £3.95
Let it Come Down
PAUL BOWLES *Peter Owen* £8.95
The Tournament
PETER VANSITTART *Peter Owen* £8.95

Before this year's literary carousel of prizes and special promotions starts turning, here is some fiction bound by style, subject, nationality or age to be excluded from the funfair – yet most of which is way above average in inventiveness and integrity. The Argentinean Julio Cortázar is, like all good modernists, intrigued by the symbiosis of life and art – of experience and its expression – and the stories in **We Love Glenda So Much** play with such explaining-and-containing devices as music, painting, the cinema; or, less predictably, graffiti.

Not only are the stories *about* form, they are themselves strictly formal. In tone precise to the point of pendantry (sometimes even obscurity), their structure is defined solely by an intellectual concept – with the minimum of plot, physical description, social location or characterisation to clutter up the lines. In the title story, where a group of film fans obtains every print of its heroine's work to edit the 'imperfections', it is not only difficult, but pointless to remember which fan exactly 'Diana' is; just as it is irrelevant to try to locate, with precision, the story in time or place.

Where a concept has its own dynamic, this chucking away of the personal frills works quite astonishingly well. In 'Glenda' itself, it is not altogether successful. The theme is exhausted too early for the climax to have any impact – it just looks contrived (as it is). In 'Graffiti', however (a terrible solo of outrage at political repression), or in 'Text in a Notebook' (where 'official reports' are peeled from their covering of sanity) Cortázar's correctness is so ruthless that his formal designs expose, in themselves, the violence, cruelty and fear from which they were abstracted.

Pauline Hall's **Grounds** would appear to be as different a work of fiction as could be contrived: a novel about one woman's childhood, adolescence and early adulthood written almost entirely in spotlit, sensually evocative 'scenes'. Here, the minutiae of time and place are paramount – the sharp-smelling Vick from the jewel blue jar that Mama plasters on the squirming bodies of Margaret and her brothers; the streets and shops ('the little container stuffed with money shot rapidly along the wire') of Dublin in the Fifties and Sixties – yet this is not just an exercise in casual, meandering nostalgia. By subtle shifts in vocabulary, phrasing, perception and terms of reference, Hall has skilfully recreated an expanding female consciousness. With a minimum of linking narrative, she transforms the child who snuggles into aunt Dutch's bed (putting her freezing feet against her and sheltering close to her back) into the teenager glued to Bill Haley on Luxemburg, then into the undergraduate hearing that men 'can't stand brainy women'. Technically, the design is ingenious (in this, it is more like Cortázar than one might at first have supposed), but, in the end, its very smoothness becomes a liability, prohibiting those jars of conflict that would have made this a more than good first novel.

Let it Come Down is superb. First published in 1952, it is the third of Paul Bowles's novels to have recently been reissued; like *The Sheltering Sky* and *Up Above the World*, it jangles with the kind of staccato tensions that are less to do with content than with style. The content is Bowles's familiar brew: American abroad, drugs, violence, morality slashed with a switchblade then chucked . . . Nelson Dyar is a bank clerk whom a sense of stifling imprisonment has driven from the United States to Morocco, where an old friend called Wilcox appears to be able to offer him some kind of job. The job never materialises. Instead, Dyar slips into a world of expatriates, currency smugglers, drug addicts, spies – at the far edge of which, in a moment of sweat-chilling violence, he finds the way out of his prison.

Or does he? Bowles isn't quite as simple as a précis of his plots might imply; nor is his questioning of 'vice' and 'virtue' and their relation to 'personal freedom' – an investigation which he performs in the tightest, most compressed and suggestive English in print.

A more curious reissue is Peter Vansittart's **The Tournament,** a novel with equal integrity of vision, yet one which emits such a feeling of artistic self-sufficiency that the reader feels vaguely *de trop*. The book takes place in the last days of feudal Europe; specifically, in a Duchy in France, although 'nation' is scarcely a relevant concept in mediaeval Christendom. Duke Simon, his family, court and people are awaiting the arrival of the Prince of Utrecht, challenged to fight in a Tournament over a matter of honour. It is spring . . .

> Already the winter 'He', disguised as a raven, had been expelled from the hill-villages and, at the end of the week, the leafed, green 'It', boy-beardless, would be riding his ass into the capital, shining and heavy.

What ensues is a beautiful and skilful tapestry, not merely of mediaeval existence in terms of splendour, squalor and the Plague, but of the *imagination* of that age; and, at the climax, of the moment at which that age tips over into secular, capitalist modernism. Written entirely on its own terms, with no smirks to the 20th century, it is (apart from some over-long lists of processions, menus, rituals) an entrancing imaginative feat. The lack of even an implicit comment, however, severs all but the reader's aesthetic responses. □

OPERA
Andrew Clements

Magic monsters

Where the Wild Things Are
Lyttelton Theatre

Almost two years after the British concert premiere of the then incomplete score, Oliver Knussen's 'fantasy opera' on Maurice Sendak's *Where the Wild Things Are* has arrived in London fully staged, courtesy of Glyndebourne and the National Theatre. The production presently at the Lyttelton Theatre goes round the country with Glyndebourne Touring Opera in the autumn by which time, so the plan runs, it will form half of an evening-long double bill, with a new Knussen one-acter based on Sendak's *Higgelty, Pigglety, Pop!* as its partner.

With designs by Sendak, a production by Frank Corsaro (who worked with the illustrator on the Glyndebourne *Love of Three Oranges*) and the majority of performances conducted by the composer, the National Theatre presentation is as definitive as could be imagined. It is a continual delight to ear and eye; the 40 minutes pass all too quickly. I saw a morning performance, crammed with children from 4 to 14; as soon as it began they were spellbound.

The translation of such a familiar and well loved children's book to such a complicated and imperfect medium as opera is fraught with danger. Sendak's original is short on words; the extra dialogue he has provided for the libretto, introducing some palpable Americanisms that should chime well with the more tangy story of *Higgelty, Pigglety, Pop!*, is perfectly judged, even if some of the words get lost in the Lyttelton. The triumph of Knussen's score is that, without for one moment watering down his natural idiom, he has provided music that is colourful, approachable and often exquisitely memorable.

The felicities are innumerable – the intricately worked web of motives for the child Max's tantrums in the opening scene, the dreamy horn solo over luscious chords for his sea voyage 'through night and day', the Ligeti-like gobbledegook (Sendak calls it 'pidgin Yiddish') for the Wild Things themselves, the barber's shop harmonies for their plea to Max to stay, 'Oh please don't go, we love you so', and the luminous, inch-perfect judgment of the final cadence, when Max returns to his bedroom and finds his supper 'still hot'.

There is one passing disappointment. The climax of the story and of the opera is the Wild Rumpus, and the music Knussen provides for that is not quite as climactic as it might have been. One wonders whether the auditorium was to blame, for elsewhere de-

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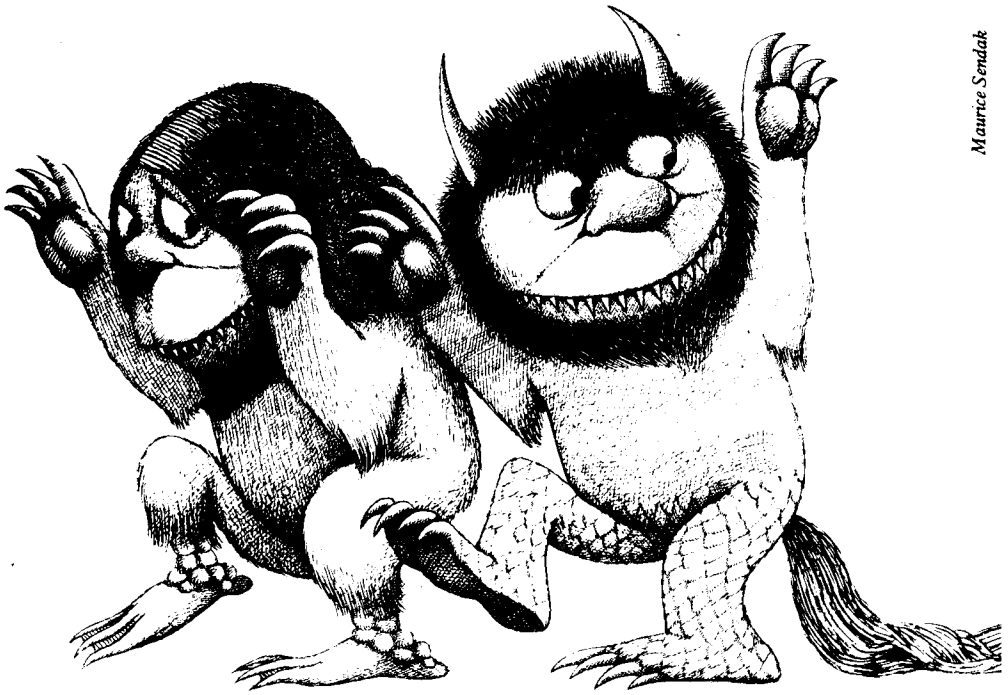


Maurice Sendak

tails remembered from the concert performance had to be searched for, and the string lines especially receded into the background. In a genuine opera house, as at Glyndebourne itself, a more equitable balance might well be possible, and those few minutes carry a brassy, more effective punch. In the context of a work that has so perfectly married music and story, neither overpowering the other, it was a minor blemish. Knussen could so easily have tried to graft further layers of spurious meaning on to the bare bones of Sendak's fable; that he resisted the temptation and remained content to colour it is a splendid achievement.

FOR ANYONE who knows the original illustrations, Sendak's stage pictures will be instantly recognisable. He has preserved their graphic style, the colour and the two-dimensionality. The forest grows out of Max's bedroom like the paper engineering in a pop-up book; there is a marvellously effective boat that seems to move round the stage without visible means of support, and there are the monsters, eight feet high with rolling, terrible eyes and gnashing, terrible teeth. They are sung by amplified voices from the orchestra pit, and their movements are a combination of human and radio control. The children loved them.

The week-long run in the Lyttelton is shared between two conductors, Knussen himself and Jane Glover. The orchestra is the London Sinfonietta, incisive and brilliant, shown to best advantage in the welter of noise in the opening minutes. Two sopranos also sing Max; I heard Karen Beardsley, who made a pugnacious, appropriately energetic boy, singing with great accuracy and clarity. The Wild Things (four male, one female) stomped and rumpused with great aplomb.

Knussen has given Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel*, Stravinsky's *Nightingale* and Ravel's *L'Enfant et les sortilèges* as the models for his work. The result is closest perhaps to the Ravel, but where *L'Enfant* is about childhood, rather than for children, *The Wild Things* seem to me entirely successful as a children's opera. The craft and the sophistication of the composition do not intrude, and the score demonstrates better than anything I know how contemporary music is not inherently difficult if it can be heard by innocent, unprejudiced ears. There are no concessions, no catchy tunes to curry favour with a young audience. The score is prefaced by a pair of musical quotations, from Debussy's *Boîte à joujoux* and the Nursery Scene from Musorgsky's *Boris Gudunov*.

The perceptions of childhood caught in those two works are less self-conscious than those of Ravel or Humperdinck, and the utter lack of self-consciousness in Knussen's and Sendak's confection is ultimately its single, priceless virtue. It's difficult to imagine any child not being captivated by the Glyndebourne show; as an introduction to opera it is more effective than any number of children's matinées of hackneyed, repertory works. The BBC is video-recording the production later this month, and promises a showing in the spring. By all accounts the performances at the National Theatre are sold out, so there will be some compensation at least for those who miss this magical event. □

TELEVISION
Hugo Williams

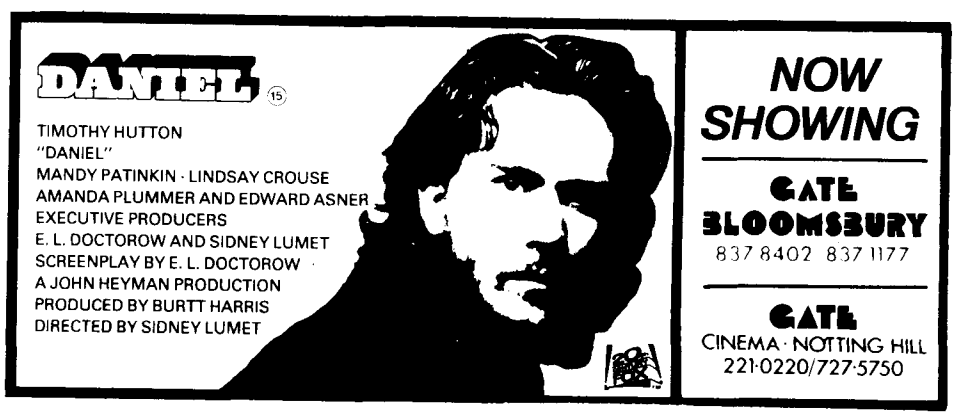
Very so-so

'TELEVISION is for appearing on, not looking at,' said Noel Coward once. Rik Mayall and his gang from the Comic Strip decided the same thing, but too early and too often. I remember Mayall operating on a quite different level at Raymond's Revuebar a few years ago, compelling you to look at him in close-up even from the back of the stalls. He's always leaping about in long-shot now, allowing you to leave the room without him.

The Comic Strip Presents: Dirty Movie (C4), the first of a new series, was miscalculated in the same way as *Five Go Mad on Mescalin:* predictability disguised as action. Being all exposition and no development, it was funnier to run your eye over the synopsis. This happens, then this happens, then we all fall over and say: 'I don't like the ending.' Very TV. Very so-so. One of the few amusing things was the name of Terry Toadstool. Toadstool is a gloaty cinema manager whose idea is to put on a dirty movie for himself alone in his cinema at 9.30 in the morning. The treatment of this theme seemed to be in debt to the traditions and taste-levels of pornography without delivering the sex or the humour. All the humour here was on top, like a fart. One got the impression of a bunch of College Sloanes making home jokies on Master Rik's new Super-8. 'We're like the Beatles,' said one of them on the radio recently. Try this for satire: An officer shoots someone. 'What you do that for?' 'Well, I'm a policeman, aren't I?' The old joke about arresting the drugs is changed to, 'I want this film behind bars, Sgt.' Or this exchange, which positively oozes dorm-life:

> What's your name?
> Mr Bean.
> Funny name for a lobster.
> Sarge, he's not a lobster.
> I know, I was trying to disorientate him.
> (*Shoots man*) Oh dear, another suicide.

Lobsters are funny courtesy of Dud and Pete, of course. In the end, a lobster is run



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over by Toadstool's invalid car: 'The blame for this lies fairly and squarely with the British Film Industry,' says someone to camera. But really the blame lies with some over-tolerant or over-greedy production company riding the Comic Strip like last year's thing, which they will become if someone doesn't prune them.

'He was the Beatles of our day,' said Ginette Spanier on **This is Noel Coward** (C4). 'He horrified our parents. It was a revelation. No one had ever called anyone darling on the stage before, unless they were having an affair with them.' Nothing to be grateful for, you may think, but it allows one to grasp what it was to be young in Coward's day. He was their magic, their Bowie. The past is further away than we imagine. In 1932 the line 'I'd like to know what that stallion is thinking. It must be something to do with Spring' had to be cut from *Words and Music* as too near the bone. Today it would be the Nietzschean 'Women should be struck regularly, like gongs' from the 1930 *Private Lives* that had to go.

The most striking thing about Coward's life was not the fact he wrote the above play in four days or 'I'll see you again' in a (short) traffic jam, so much as his lifelong application to the task before him. He was called at 6.30 every day. He was at his desk by eight. 'That shot of me sitting up in bed with a cigarette-holder wasn't my idea. I closed my eyes at the flash and looked like an advanced Chinese decadent. It was published all over the world, most unfortunate.' Well. Seen dancing at the Embassy every night, an arbiter of taste to rival the Prince of Wales, he didn't exactly struggle with the image set up by that first shot. It seems fairer to compare him to Bowie than the Beatles. He had the same chameleon brilliance, the same weedy resilience, the same nose.

By his own account, Coward was a loathsome little prodigy as a boy actor. Here is an example of how he turned his self-esteem into a 'talent to amuse' in later life. He was playing in *Design For Living* with the Lunts. In the middle of a drunk scene, Alfred Lunt spoke his line by mistake. Coward took it up and they exchanged parts for the rest of the scene. Very clever, but does it make a story? 'When we came off, Lynn Fontanne said "Nothing either of you did in that scene was remotely amusing." She slammed her dressing-room door and we crept off to a movie to forget our grief.' The thing is suddenly a clip from a backstage musical, complete in itself, the conceit camouflaged. It took another of those beaky English types to lay Coward open: 'He was so talented there were areas that were missing,' said Cecil Beaton. 'He had no visual sense at all. He had no sense of comfort. He didn't really mind what he ate, so long as it wasn't humble pie, of course.'

Hard to imagine a German Coward, Bowie or Beaton. A day devoted to the Master was interrupted by a documentary on Richard Strauss. Like the Coward, it was accompanied by the churchy vowelling of John Gielgud, only a shade more arch for the occasion. While over on Channel Four, Laurence Olivier filled in the background by describing the bombing of Nazi Germany in **The World at War.** Almost a contemporary of Coward's, Strauss was almost equally productive, in his way. Most of us here thought he wrote waltzes, but it turns out he was Hitler's Director of Music and penned the hymn for the Nazi Olympics. For the purposes of this documentary, he was helped by Gielgud's mock-ecclesiastical tones: 'I am a great friend of Nature. My best work is done in Springtime, in the Bavarian Alps. Often standing on top of a mountain.' It sounded as if he had been dreaming up 'Springtime for Hitler'. □

FILMS
John Coleman

Life after death

Daniel (15)
Gate, Notting Hill; Gate, Bloomsbury
The Honorary Consul (18)
Classic, Haymarket; etc
Vassa (PG)
Academy Two
The Real Avant-Garde (PG)
Everyman, 15 January

So what do I know? Reviewing E. L. Doctorow's *The Book of Daniel* on its publication over here in 1972, reading it again recently, I felt one thing was certain. Inspired by the trial and execution of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg in the early Fifties (they become the Isaacsons and a daughter replaces one of their two sons), told in patchwork fashion by son Daniel in the late Sixties (this 'I' switching sometimes in mid-sentence to third-person, sometimes embarking on direct address lecturettes to the reader which rehearse the historical class-anomalies of torture and capital punishment down the ages), this was intractably an on-the-page book, arrogant in its verbal sleight-of-hand, impossible to film. Doctorow thought otherwise, in his wisdom; the director Sidney Lumet – who, after all, dared to take on the tangle of *Prince of the City* – knew otherwise, in his craft: and their combined talents have largely confounded me. **Daniel** is a pretty remarkable movie, translating the shifting political climate and distinct subsequent torments of the Isaacson children to the screen with high fidelity and a holding intensity, making a positive virtue of the interweaving of its past and present.

Finely personified by Timothy Hutton, angry graduate student Daniel is prey to memory and desire. His fond recall of early days, even the traumatic ones, is indicated visually by an orange tint to the parental flashbacks, lending at once a distancing and a warmth; witness his father Paul (Mandy Patinkin) genially using a breakfast cornflake packet to point an anti-capitalist moral. In fact, these 'flashbacks' are the living and dying core of the occasion, going beyond Daniel's possible memories, into vignettes of meeting and comradely courtship. 'I can't invite you in . . . My mother . . .,' explains flustered, pretty Rochelle (Lindsay Crouse). 'I'll picket your mother,' beams young Paul. Daniel's grown-up desire is something else, and somehow less satisfactory: a confusion of personal needs. As kids, he and his little sister Susan, after their parents' arrests on conspiracy charges, were farmed out to a grudging aunt, to a waifs' home in the East Bronx, finally adopted by a decent middle-class law professor and his wife. Episodes from these experiences are brilliantly mounted, as is an exquisitely awkward first visit to their over-anxious mother and father in prison. (Lumet's handling and placement of the child actors Ilan M. Mitchell-Smith and Jena Greco warrants superlatives here.)

But in the film's untinted, sharp-coloured present – those hippie late Sixties – Susan (Amanda Plummer) has gone the quick route through sex and acid to anti-war activism, tongue-lashes Daniel for sidelining, cuts her wrists and is carted off to a clinic, eventually to die of despair. This is where Lumet claims to find *his* real subject: in the 'cost of passion on the family' and specifically on the children. Yet it takes Susan's needling ('They're still fucking us,' she says ambiguously at the clinic) and death to galvanise Daniel: first into a kind of private-eye series of visits to various past participants in the Isaacsons' drama, and to their relicts – from which little but buried resentments emerges; finally, into swinging baby son on his shoulders as he and put-upon missus join a march against Vietnam. One can understand a certain impatience at such facile affects and effects, when – by admission – at the back of this dwindled-down stuff flares the authentic 'passion' of the Rosenberg affair in all its mystery.

What has to be said, though, is that both Lumet and Doctorow have made a marvellous job of ferrying over the physical and emotional *feel* of three decades of American history, that the set-pieces are hypnotically orchestrated and that every one of the performances – from Edward Asner's defending lawyer to Joseph Leon's maybe treacherous Mindish – etches itself on the mind. Such gestures as that of Mindish late on, now senile, briefly recognising Daniel and planting a kiss on his head, bruise the heart too.

To drop down a Gere, we have John Mackenzie's **The Honorary Consul,** with a screenplay by the usually talented Christopher Hampton. Several funny things have happened to Graham Greene's splendid novel on the way to the celluloid, none of them beneficial. To begin with, there is that central casting of Richard Gere as the Anglo-Argentine medico, Dr Eduardo Plarr, a complex man who tends to treat women as sexual conveniences, finding 'love' an empty word, yet altruistically treating poor and rich alike in the small town he has settled in and, out of past loyalties, involved in the intended kidnapping of an American ambassador by an amateurish group of Paraguayan revolutionaries. A bungle, and Charley Fortnum (Michael Caine), the alcoholic chancer of the title, is snatched instead. Matters are further

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complicated (in the Greene, ironically and painfully enriched) by the fact that Dr Plarr has been having an affair with Charley's young bride Clara, a reclaimed whore from the local brothel.

Gere's instinctively narcissistic playing reduces Plarr's trouble with loving to something inevitable, Greene's artful delaying of parts of the plot has been simplified out of existence, and the nobly pathetic character of the outmoded Argentine novelist Saavedra – with his crucial disquisitions on *machismo* – has been dropped, a portion of his function wrongheadly awarded to the police chief, Colonel Perez (Bob Hoskins). Hoskins, in the event, offers some redeeming features, magically transformed from those he displayed in Mackenzie's *The Long Good Friday*, and Caine does his ruefully comic and tender best – is really rather fine – against the odds.

I reviewed Gleb Panfilov's handsomely decorated and shot **Vassa** on its brief appearance at the NFT last July. This is a rehabilitation of Gorky's play, written in 1910 and revised in 1933, about the imperious and matriarchal boss of a family of ship-owners, and – as so often – it is fascinating to see Soviet film-makers able to let their hair down when depicting pre-Revolutionary *moeurs*. Panfilov's strong, Modigliani-faced wife Inna Churikova is the 40-ish tycoon, Vassa, devoted to her errant kin but with little time over to curb their erotic dilemmas and excesses. A compelling and curious piece, with the camera exploring both the expressive art-nouveau of the great mansion and the oddities of its inhabitants to potent effect.

The Everyman is bravely showing a three-hour programme of Twenties avant-garde cinema next Sunday, demonstrating to my satisfaction, at least – that nothing so rapidly becomes sterile and old-hat. Of this bunch of shorts, which has had time to ram the point home, Renoir's 1927 *Charleston* is perhaps the most beguiling, with Catherine Hessling and Johnny Higgins dancing up a naughty storm. □

TASTE
Peter Dormer

Crochet-covered Kleenex box

WHAT IS wrong with kitsch? Why not disguise the paper 'hanky' box with a crochet coverlet or dangle tassles from the lightshade? Does the condemnation 'That's kitsch' amount to snobbery or genuine criticism? Is kitsch harmful? Is it corrupting even? The exhibition at the Boilerhouse at the Victoria and Albert Museum – *Taste* (September-November 1983) – relied heavily on the distinction between good taste and kitsch. And the continuing craft revival is struggling to get away from the dreaded term. But what is it?

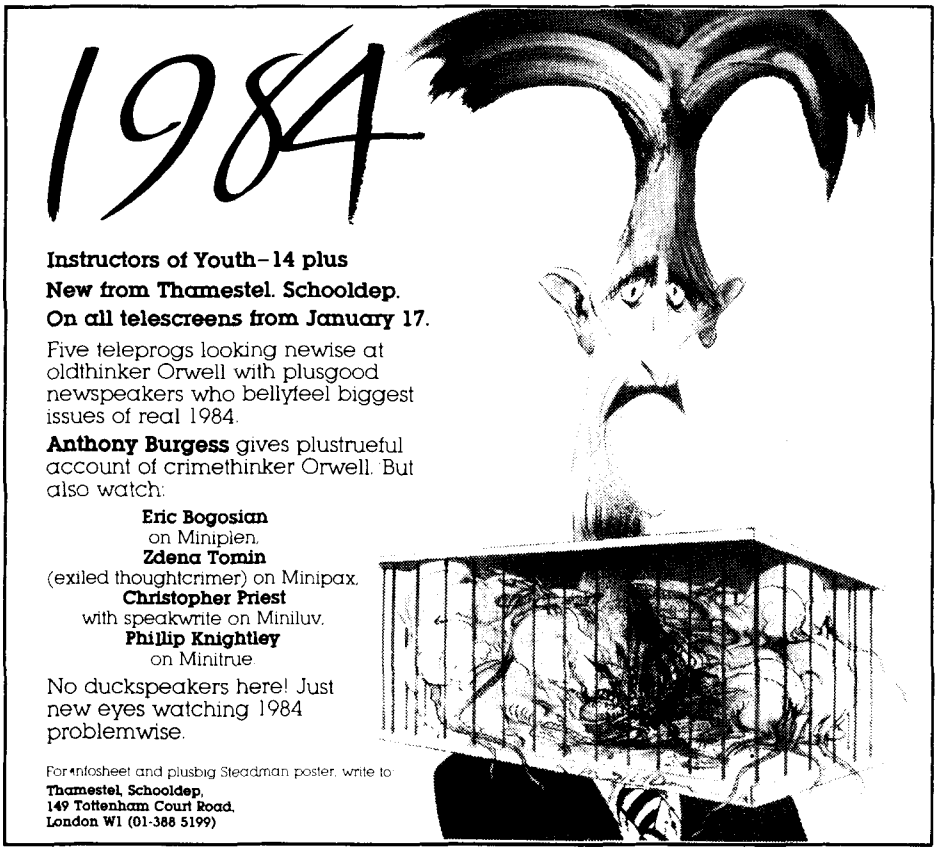
People define themselves by their objects: totalitarian politicians do it with their absurd monumentalist architecture and less insecure souls have more homely artefacts – a decent pot or two or a high-tech lamp. In Angus Wilson's novel, *Hemlock and After*, we are first alerted to the vileness of his character Mrs Curry through her dreadful artefacts, such as pictures showing a small boy in a torn nightshirt trailing a teddy bear and called 'With a little bear behind' or a small girl, naked in falling snow, titled 'I nude it was cold'. 'Naughty little things,' Mrs Curry would say, 'they want a smacked bot, don't they?'

This plump, pink pensioner turns out to be a very wicked fairy but she understands what mass manufacturers of home furnishings and producers of pottery giftware understand (but not art schools and designers), which is that people want not only peace and quiet, they also want their objects to radiate what Mrs Curry calls 'comfiness'. That category of bad taste in decoration, design and folkcraft actually has the job of filtering reality – most often through nostalgia and blunt references to the past – into a snug fiction. Kitsch – whether in literature, music or the visual and decorative arts – is essentially reactionary because, in its job as a filter of reality and disguiser of the grittier facts in life, it necessarily sets aside all genuine curiosity and everything uncomfortable. Equally, kitsch cheats us of much that is actually life-enhancing.

The lengths to which advertisers go in filtering mundane realities into sugared fantasy is sometimes hilarious and occasionally obscene. Mrs Curry's disgusting old heart would warm to a full-page colour advertisement showing a four- or five-year-old girl in a primrose-yellow, satin wedding dress, flowers in her hair, crawling on to a lavatory bowl (lid down, of course) to grasp the cistern handle. Such imagery is complicated to unravel – the peculiar tangle of notions about child innocence, child vulnerability, plus sex (?), plus flowers and the colours of spring is tied into a risible effort to say that while there has to be a lavatory in your life let's pretend it's something else. Popular sensibility is deemed to be too sensitive to face the fact of the W.C. The reactionary element in this can be encapsulated in a question. If such banal intrusions as paper-tissue boxes and lavatories are too much for the domestic fiction then what else (and who else) is excluded in order to maintain such a fiction? It amounts almost to a siege mentality.

The American art critic, Clement Greenberg, wrote a very useful essay about kitsch in 1939 ('Kitsch and the Avant Garde'). He makes two important points. The first is that kitsch work always deals with effects, not causes – it deals with resemblances, appearances and surface similarities with other but genuine articles. Second, kitsch needs a fully matured cultural tradition from which it can borrow devices and tricks and thus take the short cuts necessary for achieving effect. An excellent example, almost a self-parody, is this advertisement for a set of three tables:

> The style of the tables is reminiscent of the elegant Georgian era with slim turned legs and a reeded design around the top. Made from solid hardwood, they are polished to give a mahogany-look finish with deep, rich shine. The table tops have an inlaid leather-look


1984
Instructors of Youth–14 plus
New from Thamestel. Schooldep.
On all telescreens from January 17.
Five teleprogs looking newise at oldthinker Orwell with plusgood newspeakers who bellyfeel biggest issues of real 1984.
Anthony Burgess gives plustrueful account of crimethinker Orwell. But also watch:
Eric Bogosian
on Miniplen.
Zdena Tomin
(exiled thoughtcrimer) on Minipax.
Christopher Priest
with speakwrite on Miniluv.
Phillip Knightley
on Minitrue
No duckspeakers here! Just new eyes watching 1984 problemwise.
For infosheet and plusbig Steadman poster, write to
Thamestel, Schooldep,
149 Tottenham Court Road,
London W1 (01-388 5199)

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panel in easy-clean vinyl with a traditional gold coloured decorative motif.

These clichés and the tables themselves are drawing upon a complicated culture, but the references are hazy because the potential buyers are hazy about the culture. So the objects can be reminiscent of, not even reproductions of, a Georgian design, and the traditional decorative motif can be anything as long as it is remotely like those objects half glimpsed in stately homes or historical fantasies on the television. This is kitsch – raiding the genuine article for tricks in order to run up quick stage sets for fictions. The fiction these tables serve just happens to be a domestic one.

Yet it must be said that when it comes to style it is probably true that most people prefer Georgian, rococo or arts and crafts movement to modernist or high tech styles. These preferences are not particularly accounted for by differences in education, income or visual awareness. Moreover, there is a market, largely unsatisfied, for good new versions of these styles. Of course, the post Bauhaus, post bloody-minded-you'll-like-our-white-geometry-or-lump-it designer is repelled by the thought of trying to design in a traditional style. And I do mean design and not reproduce existing objects. The rejection by good designers of past styles is based partly on the assumption that it is the style of a thing which makes it kitsch and partly because the only styles designers know enough about are modernist ones.

The style of a thing does not make it automatically kitsch or non-kitsch. The corruption of a style, such as we see happening in the cheap Georgian look-like tables or, as happened in the 1960s, to handmade domestic pottery, is not an inevitable consequence of reviving a style. It ought to be possible, as some writers have argued, to design a neo-Georgian table which is well proportioned and well made in good materials. The kitsch element begins as soon as the twin standards of design and workmanship are set aside, and it is at this point – where standards are abandoned – that the reactionary element comes into play. The key ingredient of the reactionary attitude – whether in moral, aesthetic or political values – is incuriosity and an unwillingness to go beyond surfaces. Such incuriosity about quality makes it very easy for manufacturers to palm us off with a third-rate version of whatever particular style we desire.

Another aspect of kitsch and another reason for its basically reactionary nature is that it is absolutely undemanding. It does not want more than a glance for it to deliver all it has to offer, and kitsch works only when you know nothing or little about its references or sources. Kitsch is the equivalent of incuriosity; it demands that you don't ask questions of it – and therein rests the reactionary appeal, especially in domestic furnishing or in hotel, restaurant or any other environment which is seen as an escape. Small wonder that so much rubbish is sold in the mass (and up-market) stores when people are more or less buying stage sets for themselves. □

The theatre column will be back next week

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2804 Set by Maud Gracechurch

Belated January sales ads (max. 30 words each) to help the government sell off more and more national assets (the Palace of Westminster, for instance, or MI5 archives, or the British Museum). By 27 January.

No 2801 Set by Snubbin

Dialogue or verse in Engleutsch, the natural successor to Franglais.

Report By Lola

Für ein first Attempt, nicht so bad, meine Lieblings – aber Gott! all die Jöken about 'bitte' und 'bitter'! (Bar attendant: Bitte? Customer: No, I'll have a lager . . . Und so weiter.) Ich heard *doze* ven ich war im Kindergarten, und das war nicht last Jahr. Ein Schmack am Bottie fur die lazy little Kömpers; ein Herzog von Vellington fur each Gewinner.

English Tourist: Diese ist certainlisch ein wunderbar Tafelwein. Already ich quite gepissed feel.
German Host: Ja, ja! Wir sellen quite a lot von diese Wein zu die Englisch. Es ist 'Liebfraumilch' gennomt.
ET: Liebfraumilch? Du kannst nicht be serious? Man macht Wein von *milch*?
GH: Nein, nein, Dumkopf. Das ist only ein Weinmetafor. Wein ist always von Grapen gemacht, naturlisch.
ET: Nicht so, actuallisch. In England wir priden uns auf unser Homemadewein. Man kann of course ein Bootsweinmakingkit usen, aber ich prefer die Ingredienten von Natur – Elderberrywein, Mangelwurzelwein, Kompostwein . . .
GH: Mein Gott! Und was about der 'Realale'? Man hat mir gesagt that Englischerbier von warm Washingupwasser gemacht was, aber until now ich believed it nicht!
ET (through clenched teeth): Ha ha! Sehr droll! Auf Secondthoughts, diese Wein ist nicht so gut . . .
PETER NORMAN

Man: Wir gehen nach dem Würst-shop, darling, naturlich?
Woman: Du kannst *mehr* Würst scoffen? Guten gracious, diese Würste costen eine kleine Fortune, und du gibst mich das piddling Geld für dem Hausekeeping. Ich habe kein Würst in Hause. Das ist mein final Warning.
Man: Aber, Liebling, ich bin nicht allein scoffen die Würste. Für instance, die Kinder noshen ihm, also die Kinder-minder.
Woman: Was? Die au pair?
Man: Nicht confusen die Issuen. Wir sind German, hein?
Woman: Wunderbar! Aber, du convenientlich vergisst der Würst issue. Was ist diese Würst du wollst die Kinder zu essen? Brat würst?
Man: Sehr droll.
Woman: Oder Knack-würst? Du hast kein Knack so far as ich kann sehen!
Man: Achtung. Ich lieb die Würste essen, verstehst du?
Woman: Du beginnst resemblen ein Frankfurter, ich denke.
Man: Nicht surprisinglich. Wir kommen von Frankfurt.
Woman: Ho-ho. Du musst die Englische proverb nicht vergessen: 'Der Würst ist jetzt zu kommen'.
WILL BELLENGER

Dr Schumacher: You like Melanie, doch?
Dr Freud: Klein ist schön
Dr S: Kann ich quoten?
Dr F: Be my Geist.
GEORGE GOATLEY

It's Pershingkalt in this grim land
And Bigbrooder is close at hand.
Die Chat is all of Sourreagan,
That kills the trees and brings Rocketen.
Die Economicwunder is long forgotten
Peacefrau and protest are soon forboten.
Meantime, the Turks do the Gastlywork
The type Englaryans want to shirk.
In this divided city there's not much fun
Only kids doing Breaktanz, one by one.
Not many others join in the gig,
For this is Berlin, Winter fearundachtzig.
JON BLOOMFIELD

Visitor: Ich bin ein Hooligan und Wandal aus Liverpool. Wo ist das Fussballstadium, bitte?
Native: Leider gibt es kein Fussballstadium in Schenkelsdorf. Alles ist hier sehr ruhig – ausser der Peacebewegung. Mache Love, nicht Krieg.
Visitor: Verbote the bomb? 'Raus Yank?
Native: Gewiss. Hierher kommt ein Aasloch von einem lousy Polizist. Lass uns ein Demo machen. Up the Greens.
Both: Up the Greens. Up the Kop. Keine Pollution dem Rhein und Mersey!
GEORGE MOOR

Polizeimann: Könnte ich hilfen Sie, gnädige Frau?
Mrs Whitehouse: Ja, ich bin looking for der rote Licht distrikt.
Polizeimann: Rote Licht? Sie meinen das Hauptquartier von dem Kommunistischepartei?
Mrs Whitehouse: Nein, nein, ich wünsche den Platz wo die Frauen sind auf dem Spiel.
Polizeimann: Warum, bitte? Sind Sie denken von gehen in das Sexgeschäft?
Mrs Whitehouse: Wie dären Sie! Ich bin Frau Whitehouse, die famöse Kampaigner gegen Sex-und-violenz. Do I aussehen wie eine alte Schlag?
Polizeimann: Guter Gott, nein. Aber dies ist Berlin, nicht das Back von King's Cross Bahnhof.
Mrs Whitehouse: Das Sex ist überall, und ich will es kämpfen wo auch immer es riehrt sein üglisches Kopf.
Polizeimann: Ich denke Ihre bestes Bett ist zu versuchen Hamburg. Sie sagen mich der Platz ist voll von Hören.
Mrs Whitehouse: Dann soll ich da gehen und wage den Krieg gegen das Porn. Wie President Kennedy hat gesagt: 'Ich bin ein Hamburger!'
NAOMI MARKS

Beim Waitrosische Supermarkt. Im sechs-only queue.
Nummer 8 im queue: Für Schreien-aus-laut, was ist *jetzt* der holdup?
Nr 9: Wahrscheinlich Jëmand versucht eine Kanne beans mit einer Albanian Accesskarte zu bezahlen.
Nr 8: Wenn ich *mein* Weg hätte, es würde Cash-Only sein in diesem Schnellqueue!
Nr 5 (*meaninglich*)**:** Ich glaube *somebody*, nicht ein tausend Meilen von hier, kann nicht den Sign lesen . . .
Nr 4: Mind your own Geschäft, busykörper. Mein drei Paketen After-Achts counten als ein.
Nr 5: Diese alten blue-gerinsten Hampstead boiling-Hühnen sind alle dieselben: sie voten law-und-ordnung, und fiddeln die queues.
Nr 4: Gott Allmächtlich, wie sexist können Sie kriegen?
Nr 5: Kühl es, duckchen; ich meine, die alten women von beiden Sexen.
Nr 4: So – jetzt nehmen Sie mich für some kind of Drag-königin – !
Nr 5: Christ, du bist paranoiisch! Du warst vielleicht nicht correktlich potty-getrained –
Chackoutmädchen: Sorry, diese Till war gestern auf dem Blink, und jetzt hat es ausgekonkt . . .
JIMMIE PEARCE

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FIRST PERSON

Nigel Fountain

Chewing baccy

'THINK ABOUT IT,' said Rose. 'They've got a 45.5 per cent success rate. That's more than any other way.'

I fingered the small, disgusting, beige square. I stuck it in my mouth. It tasted as it looked. 'Just leave it there,' she urged me. I did, for an hour, making the occasional chew. By the end of the evening I was back on Marlboros. My first experiment with nicotine chewing gum had failed.

But the memory of the false dawn would return; usually at the dog hour, just before the real dawn, when souls depart. Snorting and feeling the iron weight across my lungs, the vision of a spotless hospital ward jam-packed with classy foreign equipment would drift across my brain. (My nightmares are immune to public expenditure cuts.) In the corner, a nurse and doctor would be chatting – flirting, even – while awaiting my final demise. At that hour I would realise that I was mortgaging my right to suicide to the Sultans of Smoke.

I went to a doctor friend. He laughed at me. 'Why don't you get yourself a needle and shoot up?' he said cheerfully. 'You're a junkie.' Despite this somewhat unconstructive attitude, he gave me a prescription for nicotine gum – as a drug, you can't just go out and buy it. It still tasted horrible. I was unenthusiastic.

It was on the night of 22 January 1983 – at a party, while drinking a glass of wine, chewing the gum, smoking a cigarette and being offered a joint – that I realised that something had to give. I redoubled my efforts. Cigarettes were marginalised to late evening. Relentlessly, I chewed my way through three, six, 15 pieces of gum a day. It was more expensive than smoking roll-ups, but it began to work. My non-smoking colleague at work, heartened by my decision, was nonetheless disgusted by the continuous mulching emanating from my corner.

But I became the centre – the idol even – of a small group of fellow junkies fearing the flapping terror of cold turkey. I had views. 'Nicotine is to smoking,' I would opine, 'as the working class is to socialism. Negate one, and you will destroy the other.' They exchanged odd looks and one by one fell off the bandwagon. But I stayed on.

I had no withdrawal symptoms – loss of concentration, irritability – because, of course, I hadn't withdrawn. Instead, I had a bitten tongue (cancer on the way there perhaps?) and developed immense molars. I fancy I could bite my way into a cruise missile base should the need arise. I ran round Finsbury Park, pumping clean, fresh North London air into my fresh, clean lungs. Back home, I hunched at my desk, banging the typewriter, feeding the nicotine into my bloodstream and discarding the used gum into a little molehill.

The molehill grew. Another joined it. A range of little nicotine mountains erupted across a convenient paperweight. It became an obsession. I would chew extra gum to complete particularly fine crevasses and escarpments. Sometimes the writing would cease altogether.

'What – what's *that?*' hissed a friend, coming on it unawares. 'It's my monument,' I said proudly. 'A personal work of nicotine art.' 'It's disgusting,' she said. She sounded like one of the small girls who would look over my shoulder when, as a youthful (and failed) fisherman, I was stuffing plump, pink maggots on to my hook.

'But it is mine,' I replied. 'You can keep it,' she sniffed. I have. But I haven't been working at home much recently, so the sierras have lost their early ivory colour and have gone more yellowy. They don't look all that pleasant, to tell the truth.

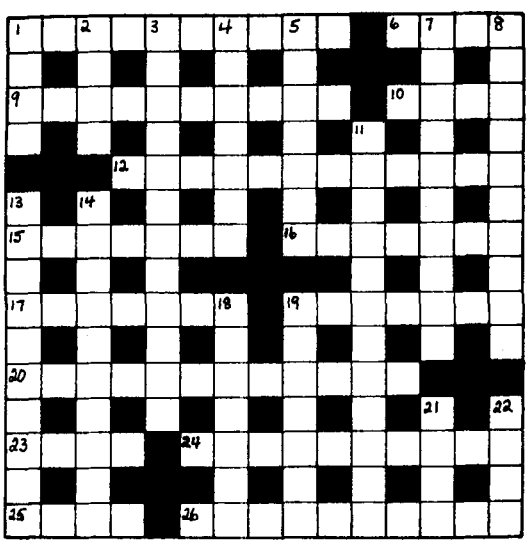
I still smoke occasionally. Christmas was a bad time; drink; late nights. 'Have a fag between mouthfuls,' offered a friend cheerily the other night in the pub. I was supposed to have given up the gum some time last spring, actually; but it hasn't been all that easy. I still wake up at dawn, now with the foul taste of old gum in my mouth. The promiscuous and unfeeling medics have gone, though – to be replaced by other, more intangible spectres.

I met Rose at a party recently. She had been to Australia. 'Rose,' I told her, 'you saved my life.' I waved a tray of gum at her. She whipped out a packet of Marlboros. 'I couldn't help it,' she said. 'It was the pressure over there. But keep it up. I really admire you.' □

Anna Coote will be back next month.

Weekend Crossword 1426

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1426, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 24 January.



Name_____

Address_____

_____

_____

ACROSS

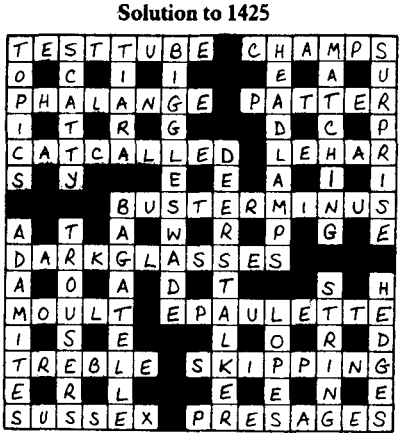
1 Keen broadcaster most likely to be seen in the early morning (5,5)
6 Source, and after this is a river (4)
9 It is not such a disaster to have a river vessel lie wrecked (6,4)
10 Blow for hair style (4)
12 Where one may see batter rising (6,6)
15 Withdraw although not handicapped (7)
16 Sooner a nobleman that is a king (7)
17 Strange men dare to be called something different (7)
19 Indirectly make enquiries of an expert about the north (7)
20 A place for putting drink containers for flies (12)
23 Liberal manner in the home (4)
24 Vet starts entering mongrel terriers as sporting dogs (10)
25 A second a long time for a wise man (4)
26 Rudders set unusually for merchantmen (3,7)

DOWN

1 Where you can get things cheap, spending only a bob on a drink (4)
2 It comes in festival songs as well (4)
3 Now it grips people as a foreboding (12)
4 Someone in the navy given his turn for the wine (7)
5 Wooden slab needed for washing leather garments (7)
7 Issues which take the mother country to heart (10)
8 No heavyweights so suitable for working on water? (10)
11 Theirs is a stock responsibility (12)
13 Bone plant (10)
14 Pencil and ring swapped for small ruler (10)
18 See in church (7)
19 Looking different although possibly related (7)
21 Just water (4)
22 God has two existences? (4)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1425



Prizewinners to 1425

Sheila Dare, Edinburgh
K. M. McDermid, Oxted
Neville Smith, London W14

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★ Classified Ads ★ Phone 01-251 5487 ★

APPOINTMENTS

CITY ARCHITECT'S DEPARTMENT

RE-ADVERTISEMENT

Previous applicants will automatically be reconsidered.

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Post No. CA1 Salary £21,330-£23,298

This is a key Chief Officer post leading a department employing approximately 140 people providing a wide range of services to a City with a population of 271,000.

The postholder will direct and manage a department whose activities include design, erection, modernisation, improvement and repair of council houses and municipal buildings together with a substantial involvement in the Inner City Programme.

Applicants must be registered Architects, have a high level of management ability and wide experience of management in a similar environment.

In appropriate cases the cost of removal and generous relocation expenses will be payable.

Application forms and further details are available from the City Manpower Officer, Municipal Offices, Trippett Street, George Street, Kingston Upon Hull HU2 8AA (Tel: (0482) 222163) to whom they should be returned by Monday, 30 January, 1984.

City of Kingston upon Hull

HOUSE OF COMMONS

(Department of the Clerk of the House)

SELECT COMMITTEE TEMPORARY ASSISTANT

The Treasury and Civil Service Committee require a Temporary Assistant to cover economic questions (some knowledge of taxation questions would also be useful). The duties will include giving specialist assistance to the Clerk of the Committee and undertaking research into specific questions. Applications are invited from candidates with a good degree or an equivalent professional qualification in a relevant subject together with several years' relevant practical experience. An interest in public administration would be an advantage.

The preferred age range is 28-35 years and for a successful candidate within this range the salary is likely to be between **£11,329-£13,768 p.a.** according to age, qualifications and experience. Applications from particularly well-qualified candidates aged from 25-27 will also be considered. The salary for this age group is likely to be between **£9,416-£11,486 p.a.** There is a non-contributory pension scheme with interchange arrangements with other public service pension schemes. The appointment will commence as soon as possible after 1 February, 1984, and will be for a period of between two and four years.

Strict political impartiality is required of all House of Commons staff and the person appointed will be expected not to engage in political activities for the duration of the appointment.

For further details and application form write to:
The Establishments Office
HOUSE OF COMMONS, LONDON SW1A 0AA
or telephone 01-219 5544 (answering service)

Closing date for return of application forms is 20 January, 1984

CHIEF EXECUTIVE'S DEPARTMENT

EMPLOYMENT AND ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT

The Council is enhancing its role in the industrial and commercial regeneration and growth of Leicester and is committed to a programme of employment and economic development initiatives. The central unit in the Chief Executive's Department has now been extended to 11 posts and exciting opportunities are available to suitably experienced people.

PRINCIPAL DEVELOPMENT OFFICER

£11,703-£13,065 p.a.

Will act as Unit Manager and undertake the most complex or contentious projects. Managerial experience will be required. Local Government and/or community work experience advantageous.

SENIOR DEVELOPMENT OFFICERS

£9,945-£11,052 p.a.

To lead teams of Development Officers and undertake own projects. Supervisory experience or evidence of leadership skills essential. One post will concentrate on initiatives from the voluntary sector; the other on those from the private sector and on business advice and co-operatives.

DEVELOPMENT OFFICERS

£9,060-£9,660 p.a.

Responsible for individual projects in one of the above teams.

The aim will be to have, across the whole Unit, a balance of skills and experience in

FINANCIAL APPRAISAL
MARKETING
BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT AND GENERAL MANAGEMENT
ORGANISATION DEVELOPMENT
COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT SKILLS

Candidates should have experience (and, as an advantage, qualifications) in one or more of these fields. Analytical and creative skills and imaginative approaches to problem solving essential.

Assistance with relocation expenses up to a maximum of £1,995 and temporary housing accommodation are available in approved cases.

Application form (returnable by 27 January, 1984) and further details from Director of Personnel and Management Services, New Walk Centre, Welford Place, Leicester LE1 6ZG, telephone (0533) 549922 extension 7084.

LEICESTER CITY COUNCIL

As part of the City Council's Equal Opportunity Policy applications are welcome from people regardless of marital status, sex, race or disability.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates
Lineage: Private – 26p per word (min. 12 words £3.12) Trade/Organisations – 29p per word (min. 12 words £3.48). First two words automatically bold, further bold words 40p each Private or Trade.
Box Numbers: U.K. £2 per insertion. Overseas £4 per insertion.
Display: Rates on application. Generous discounts are available for a series of ads. Special low rates for Charities. Please ring for a quotation.
Deadline for ads – normally noon Tuesday for publication on Friday.
All private ads must be prepaid. We accept payment by ACCESS/BARCLAYCARD/AMERICAN EXPRESS, either by phone or post.
Post ads to **Classified Dept., NEW STATESMAN, FREEPOST, LONDON EC1B 1EB.** (Remember that Freepost is equivalent to SECOND-CLASS post).
Post Box No. replies to: **Box No. . . . . , Classified Dept., New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.**
Use blank sheet of paper if you don't want to cut magazine.

Name ..... Address .....

..... Post Code .....

Classification required ..... No. of weeks required .....

Remittance enclosed £ ..... or charge my *Access/Visa/American Express
(*Delete as applicable)

Card No ..... Signed .....

Text (Block capitals)

Post coupon to: Classified Dept., New Statesman, FREEPOST, LONDON EC1B 1EE

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AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL
requires a
REGIONAL LIAISON OFFICER for the Middle East

Amnesty International has a world wide membership of 500,000 with 42 sections. The Regional Liaison Officer, Middle East, post is a new one, designed to assess the possibility of, and recommend for development, suitable Amnesty International membership structures in the region, co-ordinating support for these structures once established. The postholder will also advise how best to promote interest in AI within the region.

The RLO will be based at the International Secretariat in London and will spend some time in the region (this may amount to six months a year during the first few years in the post).

Candidates must have a thorough knowledge of the region, (which for the purposes of this post stretches from Morocco in the west to the Gulf States and Iran in the east) gained from extensive periods of residence or study. An understanding of the aims and methods of Amnesty International is desirable. Fluent Arabic is essential and candidates must be able to express themselves well in English, both orally and in writing. Good French an advantage.

Salary: **£9,200 (index linked)**

For job specification and application form please send stamped/self addressed envelope to **Personnel Office, Amnesty International, 1 Easton Street, London WC1X 8DJ, United Kingdom.** Closing date for return of application forms: **10 March 1984.**

amnesty international

LABOUR MP seeks full-time Secretary/Assistant. Details plus references to Box 7298.

OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

HOLIDAYS/ TRAVEL

BURGUNDY. Enjoy country life, wines, cuisine and language learning with French family. Brochure from D. Beral, 22 Villa Lambert, 78400 Chatou, France.

EIRE, fully furnished house to let by sea. W. Cork. CH. Sleeps 10. Fiona Neate, 01-940 6227.

FRANCE, DORDOGNE outskirts, tiny village quiet, comfortable, modernised farmhouse, to let holidays, all mod. cons, sleeps 4/6. Tel: (0284) 61780.

HOSPITALITY & COMFORT Welsh Hills. Dinner, B&B £63 pw. Bonner, Bron Fadog, Trefriw, LL27 0QA. Tel. Llanrwst (0492) 640566.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 10 Barleymow Passage, London W4. 01-747 3108.

TRIED THE REST, now try the best. For low air fares to world-wide destinations inc. Africa. SHL, 313A Hoe St, London E17. 01-520 7911.

FINANCIAL

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover St, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

CAMBERWELL: Lge. warm room, comfortable family house, short let, £30 p.w., or bed and breakfast if required. 01-274 2965.

DRISCOLL HOUSE, 200 single rooms, p.b. £50 p.w. 172 New Kent Rd, London SE1. 01-703 4175.

WANTED

ISLINGTON AREA – room in mixed, communal household urgently required, by gay socialist (27). Tel: (0206) 450319 (Alan).

LOL COXHILL needs unfurnished house/flat renting long-term. North London preferred. 2 Digswell House, Monk's Rise, Welwyn Garden City, Herts AL8 7NT. Please telephone: Welwyn Garden 30861.

LENINGRAD . . . £180, 29 March-10 April
via GDR, Sweden & Finland (Full board)

BERLIN, DRESDEN & PRAGUE . . . £150
9-20 April (Full board & programme)

COMO, VENICE & VERONA . . . £125, 21- 29 April
Full programme includes breakfasts and evening dinners

HIGH PYRENEES . . . £145, 21-29 April
Half board, visiting Cauterets, Luchon, Garvanie & Andorra

MAY DAY in BERLIN . . . £60, 30 April-2 May
viewing the MAY DAY Parade, tour of Berlin, 3 meals in the City

LAKE BALATON & BUDAPEST . . . £150, 26 May-5 June
Full board and excursions included

YORKSHIRE TOURS
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LISTINGS

THURS 12 JANUARY

STOKE NEWINGTON Picket Police Station 4.30-6.30 pm. In memoriam COLIN ROACH. Org. Stoke Newington & Hackney Defence Campaign, Oxford House, Derbyshire St, E2. 01-734 8549.

FRI 13 JANUARY

LONDON 'Eat Your Heart Out' Spare Tyre Theatre Co. Downstairs at 48 Boundary Rd, NW8. Tickets £2/£1.50 unwaged. 328 6516. Food 6.30pm. Show 8pm followed by discn. Access for disabled.

LONDON Gay Humanist Grp 'Notable Gay Humanists' series. Dr Stephen Coote (ed *Penguin Book of Homosexual Verse*) on John Addington Symonds. 7.30pm Library, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1.

LONDON 'Anarchism in 1984' Spkr Nicolas Walter. 8 pm Mary Ward Centre, Queen Square, WC1.

SAT 14 JANUARY

LONDON The Cuban Revolution – 25th Anniversary Celebrations. 2 pm-midnight Africa Centre, 28 King St, WC2. Afternoon: Spkrs incl Cuban Ambassador, Tony Benn, live Chilean music. Eve: music by Masquerade (Calypso/-salsa), Afro-Latin disco. African food, licensed bar. Entry £3 (£2 afternoon only)/£2 unwaged (£1.50).

LEEDS 'Changing women's lives 1780-1850' day school University of Leeds Adult Education Centre. Spkrs Catherine Hall, Angela John. Fee £4. **Details: AEC, The University, Leeds LS2 9JT. Leeds 434874.**

LONDON Privatisation of Britain's industries, one day conf convened by Post Office Engineering Union. 10am-4.30pm Central Hall, Westminster. **Details and credentials: Len Gillard 01-998 2981.**

SUN 15 JANUARY

LONDON 'Ireland and women' fourth in series of educational meetings 'Frame Ups' Spkr. Debbie Hammond. 4.30 pm A Woman's Place, Hungerford House, Victoria Embankment, WC2. Creche/tea/coffee. Adm free. Org. Armagh Co-ordinating Group, 374 Gray's Inn, WC1.

MON 16 JANUARY

LONDON 'Smash the Show Trials!' Picket Old Bailey EC4. 12-2pm. **Org Irish Solidarity Movement.**

LONDON 'Public Transport in Peril' to discuss the implications of Government's transport policies for London. Adm free. 7.30pm Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1. **Org: Friends of the Earth, 377 City Road, EC1. 01-837 0731.**

TUES 17 JANUARY

LONDON 'Zimbabwe: Peasants and Policy' Spkr David Caute. 6.30 pm Africa Centre, 38 King St, WC2. 50p non-members. **Org. Africa Centre/Britain-Zimbabwe Society.**

MANCHESTER 'Animal Liberation – a socialist issue?' Spkr M. Killian, Northern Animal Liberation League, 7.30pm Polytechnic Students Union, Sidney St (off Oxford Rd), Manchester 10. **Details: BSSR, 9 Poland St, London, W1. 01-437 2728.**

LONDON 'Labour & Devolution' disn with John Maxton MP 8 pm Interview Rm, Norman Shaw N. Bldg, Victoria Embankment. **Org. Campaign for a Scottish Assembly, London Brnch. Details: Dr. Christopher Harvie, 84 Englefield Rd, N1. 01-226 7433.**

LONDON 'The Creative Artist as Public Employee' Brian Yale, Resident artist and environmental designer for GLC. Adm free. 1pm Lower Hall, Bishopsgate Inst, 230 Bishopsgate, EC2.

LONDON 'Gender, health and medical care: a cross-cultural perspective'. Course organised by extra mural dept. University of London. Starts today. **Details: 01-359 4925 or Mary Ward Centre 01-831 7711, quoting course number 193UE.**

THURS 19 JANUARY

LONDON 'Women taking hold of technology' 6-7 pm City Lit, Stukeley St, WC2. Course org. & presented by women working in this field **Details: Mary Jennings, 157 Maryland Rd, N22. 881-0412**

FRI 20 JANUARY

LONDON Housing Benefit – one year on. Conf jointly org by Child Poverty Action Grp and SHAC. 10am-4.45pm Central Hall, Westminster. Spkrs incl Rhodes Boyson, David Donnison, Paul Burgess, Nick Raynsford. Fee £6. **Details: Alan Booth, CPAG, 1 Macklin St, WC2. 01-242 3225.**

LONDON First showing of 'A suitable job for a woman' by Chris Petit 1981. 7.30pm Labour Club, Deptford and Lewisham. **Details: Rex Badher 01-691 4896.**

SAT 21 JANUARY

LONDON 'Alternatives to 1984' one-day conf org Quaker Peace and Service 10-5 Large Meeting House, Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1. £3/£1.50 unwaged and children. Tea, coffee snacks may be purchased. Pre-registration of children essential, full childrens' programme available. Creche for under 5s. **Details and booking: Patricia Sparks, Home Organisation Section, QPS, Friends Hse, Euston Rd, NW1 2BJ.**

LONDON Unemployment Seminar for young people at County Hall, SE1. **Org British Youth Council, 57 Chalton St, NW1. 01-387 5882.**

FORTHCOMING

23 JAN NOTTINGHAM "Protest, Power and the Peace Movement'. Spkr Conrd Lodziak, Trent Polytechnic. 7.30pm Adult Education Centre, Shakespeare St. **Details: John Ferris for The Nottingham Peace Lectures 0602 56101 x3377.**

25 JAN WARWICK 'The Relevance of Laws of War in a Nuclear Age' Spkr Adam Roberts, Reader in International Relations, University of Oxford. Adm free. 7.30pm Arts Centre Conference Rm, University of Warwick. **Details: John Dewar 0203 24011 x2119.**

25 JAN LONDON 'Interested in starting Peace Education in your School?' Talks by teachers, help, advice, info. 6 pm Dick Sheppard House, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1. **Org. Peace Education Project, Jackie Robinson, Peace Pledge Union, 01-387 5501.**

26 JAN LONDON 'When Mountains Tremble', new film on Guatemala and 'Nicaragua: Report from the Front' Stanley Clinton-Davis opens Benefit Night Launch in aid of Guatemala. 7pm The Rio Cinema, Dalston.

26 JAN DUDLEY 'The Future of the Left' public discn with Martin Jacques, Editor of 'Marxism Today'. 7.30 pm The Swan, Castle St.

26 JAN BIRMINGHAM 'Comedy as a Political Weapon' 7.30 pm Dr. Johnson House, Bull St. Adm free. **Org Birmingham Branch Socialist Party of Great Britain, 13 Gibbins Rd, Selly Oak, Birmingham B29 6PG.**

27 JAN LONDON Homelessness and the Voluntary Sector – an ARVAC Conference 10am-5pm Mary Ward Centre, 42 Queen Sq, WC1. (Closing date for applications 13 Jan). Fee £5/£6 non membs incls coffee/lunch/tea. **Details: Pat Marsden, ARVAC, 26 Queen's Rd, Wivenhoe, Essex CO7 9JH. 0206 22 5344.**

27-28 JAN LEICESTER 'Interdisciplinary Work: Problems and Progress' Foundation Conf of Interdisciplinary Assoc of Mental Health Workers at University of Leicester. Spkrs incl Prof Anthony Clare, Prof Kathleen Jones. Residential fee £40 (incls membership). **Details: Mrs F. Sykes, DES, University of Surrey, Guildford. 0483 571281.**

28 JAN DUDLEY Progressive Bookfair and William Morris Celebration Spkr A. L. Motion. Many stalls. 10 am-9 pm. King Street.

28 JAN LONDON Day School on Ireland 'Republicanism and Socialism', 'Republicanism and Feminism'. Spkrs. Desmond Greaves, Sue Colfer, Geoff Bell, Sarah Rotofs. 10.30 am-5 pm County Hall. Creche – apply in advance. **Details and tickets £1 Labour Comm. on Ireland, Box 42, 136 Kingsland High Road, E8.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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GROUPS/MEETINGS

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THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sunday 15 Jan. 8 p.m. 'Memory of Past Lives'. ULT, 62 Queens Gardens, London W2 3AL.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON (Gower St, WC1E 6BT). Free Public Lectures, Spring Term 1984. Thurs, 19 Jan, at 5.30, Neale Lecture in English History by Dr G. E. Aylmer, 'The English Civil War in Fiction and in Fact', Chemistry Auditorium. Thurs, 2 Feb, at 5.30, S. V. Keeling Memorial Lecture in Greek Philosophy by Mr Jonathan Barnes, "A Third Kind of Logic" – the Discovery of the Logic of Relations', *Chemistry Auditorium. Fri, 10 Feb, at 5.30, Com*monwealth Fund Lecture in American History by Professor Robert Dallek, 'Cultural Politics and Foreign Affairs: the United States during World War II', Chemistry Lecture Theatre. Wed, 14 March, at 5.30, Chambers Memorial Lecture by Professor S. Greenbaum, 'Good English' (inaugural lecture), Chemistry Auditorium. Fri 16, Tues 20, Thurs, 22 March, at 5.30, Lord Northcliffe Lectures in English Literature by Professor Francis Haskell, 'The Visual Arts and Historical Thought – an Uneasy Relationship', Darwin Theatre. Mon, 19 March, at 5.30, Inaugural Lecture by Professor R. D. Martin, 'Physical Anthropology and the Comparative Method', Chemistry Auditorium. Wed, 21 March, at 5.30, Public Lecture by Emeritus Professor Hans Kalmus, '50 Years of Exiles Working at University College', Chemistry Auditorium. Complete list of public lectures from Publications Office, University College London, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. (Stamped envelope required).

TUITION

REMINDER

There is still time to enrol for a course on

'No Nonsense Economics'

Telephone, or attend either opening evening: 7 p.m., 17 or 19 January. Course 12 weeks, fee £12.

ESSRA School of Economic Studies, 177 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London SW1V 1ER. Tel: 01-834 4979

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Full details and prospectus from: **David Rundle, The Director, British Institute, Lungarno Guicciardini 9, FLORENCE, Italy. Tel: 010-39 55 284 031.**

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EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

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PIANO TUNER, reliable, North London only unless repairs needed. Denys Parsons MSc, 01-340 4695.

QUALITY typing. English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617.

TRANSLATION, Italian-English, English-Italian, by teacher (mother-tongue Italian). 01-858 0362.

BOOKS/ PUBLICATIONS

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

HEARTSEARCH

HEARTSEARCH ADS MAKE CONTACTS SIMPLE AND INEXPENSIVE. Just **£4** buys you an ad. of up to **24 WORDS** and a **FREE BOX NUMBER!** If you want to say more, **extra words are only 26p each.** We send your replies on to you at no extra charge. Even sending your ad to us costs nothing if you use our **FREEPOST** address: Classified Dept, New Statesman, FREEPOST, London EC1B 1EB. You can also phone your ad in to us and pay by credit card: Telephone 01-251 5487/8. (Note – Free box numbers only available with this offer – min. charge £4). To reply to a box number, write your reply (if more than one reply enclose each in a separate envelope), place in an envelope marked clearly with the box number, and send to: Box No. Replies, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.

AFFECTIONATE, LIVELY woman, 40s, would love to meet a compatible man. He will probably be good humoured, tall, under 50 and unattached. The rest depends on chemistry! Box 7314.

ALL YOU ever wanted in a woman and much, much more! Literary lady (40) seeks humorous, affectionate, outgoing socialist male. E Midlands. Box 7324.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL man (58), divorced, loves arts, seeks attractive, intelligent, sensual, non-smoking woman, slim-medium, *any race/circumstances, for warm friendship-/enjoyments,* preferably London/surrounding areas. Box 7108.

ATTRACTIVE, SLIM graduate, Press Officer, London (27), enjoys the arts, travel, languages, *creative writing,* seeks cuddly comrade to be the red under her bed. Box 7312.

BIRMINGHAM MAN, 46, div, tall, bald, bearded, non-smoker, cyclist, poor, unsuccessful, seeks relaxed, easy-going lady, view walking, cycling plus relationship. Box 7285.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

FRIENDLY MALE, 38, *seeks attractive female,* 25-30, for enjoyable evening out and weekends away. Own flat, car, etc. SW London. Photo appreciated. Genuine. Box 7302.

GAY ACADEMIC, 27, slim, affectionate, of *reasonable intelligence, but OA, so lonely,* seeks sincere, long-term relationship. Newcastle, anywhere. Your photo for mine. Box 7336.

GAY, PROFESSIONAL man, 30s, considerate, affectionate, sense of humour. Interested theatre, music, literature, politics, outdoors. Bristol-based. Do you have a lively mind and ready smile? Then please write Box 7341.

GRADUATE WOMAN, Marketing Executive, 26, temporary exile in Peterborough, enjoys theatre, cinema, travel, languages, is looking for new product development with caring, fun man. Box 7313.

HAPPY, PROFESSIONAL woman, with satisfying job but little opportunity for social contacts, seeks male counterpart (50+), who needs someone to share interests and pleasures, and feels that loving companionship would make life complete. Box 7333.

HOMO SAPIENS, sapiens male, 34, slim, 6ft. 1in., seeks female (same sub species), tall(ish), c25-35, interested arts, sciences, music/opera, politics for intimate relationship, London area. Box 7290.

HOMOSEXUAL (23), London-based, dislikes 'gayness', left politics, intellectual interests, seeks like-minded man. Box 7297.

INTESTASY LOOMING! Where's Viragoesque *Damsel assertive enough to remotivate Guru-*vintage 'would be' into bestowing £50,000 into forward-looking enterprise? Anything considered (except inertia-promoting parasites' paradise). Box 7262.

MALE, 36, keen on many types of water sports, wishes meet like-minded female, 20-40. Reading, Berks. Box 7291.

MALE, 24, London-based, seeks female, 20-30, who likes theatre, good food, intelligent conversation, sport, reading, music, a sense of humour etc. Box 7331.

NON-STUFFY LONDONER (40-55), sought by vivacious, warm, shapely transatlantic lady, for company/gentle amusement/commitment. Box 7329.

OPINIONATED BUT kindly social Historian (39), currently writing up Ph.D, would appreciate the occasional companionship of *sociable, leftish man, for walks, talks and perhaps,* mutual support. London area. Box 7323.

POCKET LECTURER (49, div.), slightly foxed but still game, yearns to cherish/be cherished by kind, funny, serious woman, probably in *her 40s, preferably non-smoking, certainly* music-loving. Surrey/London. Box 7319.

PRETTY, VERY intelligent, Jewish woman, 46, would like a home-loving, serious, complicated man to cherish and be loved by. (Place, time and date of birth appreciated). Box 7337.

PROFESSIONAL MAN (active 50s), Continental, recently landed on Surrey/Middlesex border. Searching for very attractive, intelligent lady partner (40s), interested starting new page together. Box 7338.

PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN, 6ft 3in, unattached, educated/travelled, seeks attractive, congenial lady companion, for theatre, opera, dinner, etc. Box 7316.

QUIET, AFFECTIONATE man, divorced, 37, (looks younger), lives West Kent, works London, loves cinema, looking for female friend. Box 7322.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION. Middle-aged professional woman, non-smoker, divorced, likes music, theatre, travel, swimming, bridge, but would enjoy these more with a male *companion. Bristol area.* Box 7300.

SINGLE, PROFESSIONAL gentleman, 50s, would like to meet sincere, attractive lady, 40-50, in London area, for lasting friendship or spontaneous affair as situation develops. Box 7317.

SOCIALIST WOMAN, divorcee, new to Nottingham area, enjoys art, theatre, photography, walking, seeks sociable, sensitive, tolerant, politically committed man, 27-40, for long-term relationship (not marriage). Box 7330.

TYPICAL GERMAN WOMAN, 61 years, is looking for a typical English gentleman, *serious, who likes to discuss and laugh.* Akademischer Kontaktkreis, 5 Koln 40, Friedhofsweg 5. Tel. 0221/505189.

SINGLE AND SIXTY, 12 stone, 5ft 9in tall, active Texan, seeking contact with **English girl,** healthy and active. *Self-employed, moderately* successful, live in my own luxury home alone, my children (three) live elsewhere. Active socially, non-drinker, fairly well educated, love sports of tennis, golf, swimming, but primary interests are my home and some travel to luxury spots in the sun-belt of the world. Will appreciate a picture in your answer. I will come to England to meet you at a place and time to be arranged. If you are between 35 and 50, reasonably attractive, active, dignified and would like to live in Texas, please answer. Box 7258.

WARM, ATTRACTIVE, graduate woman, div., home-loving, seeks professional man, 40-55, for affectionate and caring relationship, which could develop into something deeper. Varied interests include music, politics, travel, family life, people. London home. Box 7332.

5FT. 11IN., green-eyed blonde, psychology undergraduate, *loves travel (speaks French,* German, Spanish), dancing, theatre, music, good food, seeks tall, sensitive, humorous male companion, 28+ (London area). Box 7342.

1984 – LET'S share it. Nice woman, *personable, interesting, mid-sixties,* not slim, seeks meaningful relationship, possible marriage, instant happiness. Box 7318.

billboard

Theatre

DOMINION *Tottenham Ct Rd.* 01-580 9562/3, 01-323 1576/7. Evgs 7.30pm, Mat Sat 2.30 until 28 Jan.

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cc HOT LINES 01-636 8686/01-930 9232.
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NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'Jean Seberg', 'The Rivals'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) last perfs of Glyndebourne's *'Where the Wild Things Are', 'You* Can't Take it with You', 'Cinderella'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) Market Theatre Company visiting NT in 'Master Harold and the Boys'. See daily press for dates and times or ring *recorded information* 01-928 2256.

PHOENIX THEATRE. Charing X Road. Tel. 01-836 8611/9793/2294. Group sales 01-930 6123. Spectacular traditional pantomime
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ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY. 01-628 8795/638 8891. 24 hr info 01-628 2295. **BARBICAN THEATRE** *Limited season until 28 Jan* only. PETER PAN by J M Barrie. Seats avail for perfs in late Jan. **THE PIT** – THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY by Nicholas Wright 13-16 Jan. 'Speed, novelty & a madcap sense of fun' D. Tel. Until 25 Jan SOFTCOPS, new play by Caryl Churchill.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, EC1. 01-278 8916 (5 lines). CC group sales 01-930 6123. **New Sadler's Wells' Opera Hotline:** Tel. 01-278 0855 (24 hours) for brochure. Eves 7.30, Sat mat 2.30. 13/14 Jan **Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet:** 'Paquita'/'Prodigal Son'/'Pineapple Poll'. 25 Jan-10 March **New Sadler's Wells Opera.**

Galleries

PENTONVILLE GALLERY, 47 Lambs Conduit Street, London WC1, 01-242 8629. 9-12 Jan 'From Edge to Edge' – photographs of the Welsh Landscape by Paul Joyce. Presented in association with the Welsh Arts Council. Tues-Fri, 11am-6.30pm. Sats 11am-2pm. GLC funded, financially assisted by GLAA.

Exhibitions

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